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[SUMA SEEKS HELP.]

## POOR LOO.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," etc.

### CHAPTER XIX.

"But in that moment o'er her soul  
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,  
And gather in that drop of time  
A life of pain, an age of crime.  
O'er her who loves, or hates, or fears,  
Such moments hold the grief of years."

BYRON.

SUMA CAUGHT BUT ONE MORE GLANCE OF THE GIRL'S FACE.

"How the common people do block up the way and push one about," exclaimed Mrs. Fish, with all the loud assertion of but a half refined and ill-bred woman. "Come this way, Elizabeth, my dear, here is our carriage at last. Dear me, how that woman does stare. Look at her, is she going to have a fit?"

And well she might ask the question for a tall woman, middle-aged now, and with all the beauty gone from her once handsome face, stood looking at Elizabeth Fitz-Howard Hill as though she had never seen anything or person so wonderful before.

This woman's face was remarkable from the size of her great black, eastern-looking eyes, the pupils of which were so prominent.

Though she was scarcely over five or six and thirty, her once black hair was streaked with grey, and was brushed away from her naturally low forehead, which now, with a long habit of wrinkling up or lifting of the eyebrows had become but like a brown seamed band between, while her dark complexion showed that one of her parents at least had come of a coloured race.

Despite all this, there was something grand about the woman.

It might have been in her mien and the regal way in which she carried herself, it certainly was not her dress, for that, though respectable, was only such as an artisan's wife would have worn, if we except the once costly and gaudy Indian shawl that was wrapped round her shoulders, but that, whatever it might have been in the past, now looked little better than a dirty faded covering, and indeed did more towards giving her a shabby poor appearance than anything else.

Her attention thus attracted, Elizabeth looked at the woman, their eyes met, and for a few seconds mother and daughter gazed upon each other, the one troubled and bewildered with some strange and altogether novel sensation, the other hoping, doubting, fearing, yet with a wonderful instinct in her heart which seemed to tell her this was her child.

Suddenly the crowd in which they all stood made a movement, rushed between them, and Suma caught but one more glance of the girl's face as the carriage into which she had entered rolled away.

For a few seconds after this the woman was jostled hither and thither by the people around her, then she suddenly woke up, and feelings that had been dormant many a year sprang up in her heart with giant-like strength as though they had but gathered fresh life and power from their long slumber.

"It must be," she mused; "and I never asked, I thought she was so surely lost. I must find out; but how, whom can I ask? Jack would know nothing but should he?"

But her mind was filled with strange questioning as she walked on through the crowded streets, and it was not until she paused at her own door that a brilliant idea seized her. She would seek the advice and assistance of Mr. Tom Tollar, better known to his friends as T. T.

Perhaps it would be as well to explain here that after the loss of poor Loo Suma sunk into such a state of utter weakness and despondency that when Jack Spratt returned from the voyage he was on at the time he found it impossible to rouse her.

A doctor, whose advice he at last sought, suggested taking her first of all to the seaside, and then, if that partially succeeded, giving her plenty of work to do, and thus it was, that while his search for Loo was fruitless Jack at length succeeded in rousing his wife from the despondent apathy into which she had fallen, and succeeded in impressing upon her mind the idea that she ought to do something to make money and thus contribute to their joint maintenance.

This perhaps nerved her more than anything else, and though she had some of Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill's jewels still left, the money she had taken also was all spent, and she had such a dread of disposing of the trinkets that her husband did not even know she possessed them.

Just about this time, however, an aunt of Jack's died leaving him a hundred pounds, with which he took a house in Devonshire Street, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, furnishing it as a lodging-house, which Suma was to let and attend to.

"There, missus," he observed, complacently, when the last shabby room had received its appointed portion of second-hand furniture, "there's a house of your own for you, and when Loo comes back we'll bring her up like a lady."

To which his wife in her apathetic way smiled mournfully as she said in a tone so low that she might have been speaking to herself:

"Yes, she was born one."

"But time, which soothes severest wounds" laid its healing influence upon her, and as the days and weeks and months rolled on, anyone looking at her might well have said:

"Oh! a wonderful stream is the river  
Time,

As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical  
rhyme,  
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,  
As it blends in the ocean of years."

And thus the years rolled on uneventfully until this day when Suma met in Regent Street the child that had fallen in the sea when she sprang from the deck of the "Lurline."

Opening the door of her house with a latch-key Suma entered, and encountered at the foot of the stairs the very man she was thinking of, Mr. Tom Tollar, who occupied her third floor front, and who now shrank back at seeing her, and would have beaten a hasty retreat had it been possible, for, as usual, he was in arrears with his rent.

Quite forgetful of his cause for wishing to shun her Suma said:

"Mr. Tollar, I would speak with you, please," and she led the way into a tiny sitting-room, which she usually reserved for her own use.

Expecting to be "sat upon" for his shortcomings in the way of prompt payment, the man followed her into the room, took the seat she pointed to, and was beginning some lame kind of apology, when she interrupted him by asking:

"Do you know how to find out about people?"

"Well, yes, Mrs. Spratt; but in what way, what do you want to find?"

"There was a ship wrecked many years ago, nearly sixteen, some of the people were saved in boats, and I heard a long while after that a ship came and took off the others from the wreck, but there was a baby, I want to find out about it; do you think it is possible?"

"Was the baby left in the vessel?"

"No, it fell into the sea."

"Ah, and was drowned?"

"I don't know, that is what I want to find, is it possible?"

"I should think so, but of course I don't know; would you like me to try. I can get out newspapers and books about anything of the kind at the British Museum, where I so often go. Of course it will take time and that kind of thing, but as you have been so patient with regard to the rent, I will do the best I can and charge you very little if anything for doing it."

"Oh, I will pay; only find me in what I want. When will you begin?"

"To-morrow; you must give me all the details you can to-night—the name of the ship, the date and place it was going to, also the names of the parents of the child."

"Yes," reluctantly.

It seemed as though the veil which had hung over her past life was about to be torn aside, and by herself too; and though she had no guilt to hide beyond the fact that having lost her own child she had clung to that of her mistress instead of taking her to her mother's relatives wherever they might be, or to her father, she had still a terror lest her first husband should be alive and Jack should discover that she was no legal wife of his.

True she had seen her husband's name as among the killed in the newspaper before she married Jack, but she had also a few days after that event seen the name of Wrightson as among the wounded, and though she had not told Jack of this last discovery, and never sought to verify either of the published statements, or identify the killed or wounded man as her husband, the terror had haunted her for years, and had driven her to the opium pipe.

But this, like all other terrors, had worn off after a time, the keen edge of her sorrow and despair had been blunted, and her husband's earnest appeals had made her sternly resolve to give up the use of opium.

This was the greatest test of her love for Jack that he could have exacted.

Many and many a time the old craving came upon her with a power and intensity scarcely to be resisted, but she fought against it bravely, and now, more than five years had passed since she had indulged in the fatal drug.

She is greatly excited this evening, and the old craving which she had thought quite dead and almost its memory extinguished is upon her, but she will not yield to it, and she walks about her room restlessly debating how much of her past life she shall tell Mr. Tollar, and whether indeed she had better let him know that she was the nurse in question or not.

"He must have some facts or he can't find out what I want," she reasoned, "and if I tell him all he may find out poor Loo's relations, and they will blame me for not having brought her to them, then she would never have been taken away by the organ-man and lost to us all for ever."

And Suma sighed. Even now, after all this lapse of time she could almost weep when she remembered the beautiful child whom she had so loved and lost.

"Something tells me that was my child I saw to-day," she continued, uttering her thoughts aloud; "but who could have taken care of her? She was

dressed and looked like a lady, though so like what I was at her age, only fairer, and with the air about her that Lady Alice used to have, as though she were born a princess in her own right."

Thus Suma mused, unconscious that, as she walked about the small semi-shabby room, the same natural grace and majesty of mien distinguished her as it had done her foster-mother, Lady Alice.

Little dreaming that her own child was usurping the home and position of the one whom she had cherished and lost, Suma wondered who could have taken care of her if she had been rescued from the sea, and who the lady was whom she had seen with her.

Had Lady Elizabeth been her companion some glimmer of the truth might have dawned upon her mind, for besides the strong family likeness which existed between all the Fitz-Howards, Suma had seen portraits of Lady Alice's elder sister—had, indeed, one in her own possession at the very time, which, from the fact of it being set in diamonds, she had taken from the dressing-case before leaving the wreck, and with some other articles of jewellery, unknown to her husband, still retained possession of.

Suma had no intention of stealing these things, indeed theft it was not. She had taken them and the money which her dead mistress had left behind, as she had taken the child to nurse and protect, and though the money had been spent, the shawls worn, and some of the jewellery lost or sold, she still retained the greater part of it with a kind of superstitious feeling that poor Loo would come back one day and claim it.

With all these conflicting thoughts and feelings, Suma decided upon a middle course, resolving not to allow herself to be identified, and yet giving all the facts and circumstances, even to some of the names and dates, to Mr. Tom Tollar, receiving his assurance with implicit faith that he should probably find out all she required in that wonderful place the British Museum.

Perhaps the sovereign with which she fed him, and the assurance that he need not worry about his rent, went a good way towards insuring his attention to the matter.

Yet for all her good intentions Suma was but complicating matters that were complicated enough already, and making the tangled web more difficult to unravel than ever.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE GRANTS.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening  
prey."

THOMAS GRAY.

Mrs Elizabeth Fitz-Howard Hill was having what the Yankees would term "a good time."

Lady Elizabeth was more gentle and affectionate than she had ever been to her before.

Mrs. Fish being in her son's confidence, having indeed incited him to the course he had taken, now sided with the young lady in her desire to keep the matter secret from her aunt, while though Elizabeth and she never spoke on the subject together the elder woman's manner towards the younger one changed, and she treated her with the protecting care which she would have bestowed upon a beloved daughter.

All this was very pleasant for the young lady, and in her way she appreciated it, while there was also the novel sensation of having a lover who was likewise her devoted slave.

Still, even to this there were drawbacks. She loved Arthur well enough in her way, but she had not the slightest intention in the world of sacrificing her future brilliant position through any weakness of that kind, since it was far from probable if she married him that the earldom of Drayton would be revived in his favour as he had neither wealth nor influence to procure it, therefore, while she accepted all the homage offered her and played her part as a love-sick maiden she confidently looked forward to the certainty of Lady Elizabeth and her father coming forward to forbid the match.

Her father I say, for though she had still some dim recollection of Captain Hill pushing her away from him and repelling her when she saw him for the only time in her life eleven years ago, the idea that he was really not her father never occurred to her.

Instinctively she felt and knew, rather than had ever heard, that her position as heiress of Drayton was not absolutely secure, and her own natural cunning taught her the wisdom of not appealing to her aunt upon the subject.

Things went very brightly and smoothly at this time, however.

Arthur was invited to prolong his stay at the Abbey. Lady Elizabeth allowed Mrs. Fish to take the girl up to town on shopping expeditions and to morning performances at some of the theatres, and on many of these occasions the young man accompanied or met them, and Mrs. Fish being a discreet chaperone was so conveniently blind and so often absorbed in a book or newspaper that they had no difficulty in forgetting her presence altogether.

And thus three whole months slipped by, September had set in, and the doom of many a partridge had been decided when Lady Elizabeth, with her reputed niece and Mrs. Fish, returned from their annual visit for a month at the seaside to the Abbey. For many years past the head gamekeeper at Drayton had managed his own department pretty much as he liked; there was always plenty of game for the use of the house, and some shop in London usually came in for the rest.

For the preserves on the Drayton estate were large and well stocked, the late earl having been a keen sportsman, and Lady Elizabeth had often wished that her brother-in-law would come and shoot on the estate in the season, or send any of his friends to do so.

It was the fifth of September when the family returned to the Abbey, and the day following a letter arrived for Lady Elizabeth in answer to the one she had written that June afternoon when she overheard the conversation of the lovers on the terrace outside her window.

"I AM glad to hear there is a chance of the girl being married," Captain Fitz-Howard Hill wrote; "though of course the man must be informed of her parentage. As you tell me, his own position is not much, and the girl, according to the arrangement you suggest, and I agree to, will have five thousand pounds as a dowry; probably, though he will be disappointed, he will be willing to take her."

"When this girl is gone I shall come to England and see you. I am beginning to give up all hope of ever finding my own child. Suma's relatives assure me that she must be dead."

"By the way, as there is no danger of complications about this girl now she has a lover, and will, I suppose, soon be married, I won't hesitate to accept your often-repeated offer about the shooting. An old friend of mine, Major Grant, is staying in your neighbourhood, at the Elms with some brothers or cousins; I have written by this post to tell him you will give him some shooting for himself and friends. I hope I shall handle a gun myself over the old ground next year.—Your affectionate Brother,

CHARLES FITZ-HOWARD HILL."

Lady Elizabeth read this letter, breathed a sigh of relief and murmured:

"So this horrible deception will soon come to an end."

Later in the day it did occur to her that Arthur Fish had not asked her consent to winning Elizabeth for his wife, and also, that from the manner in which she had become acquainted with the matter, she could not with dignity come forward and proclaim her knowledge, but after all, what did that matter, she argued; a word to Mrs. Fish, to the young man or to the girl would settle that difficulty, and as for the sportsmen who were coming to shoot in the preserves, she need not invite them to the house, and even if she did, handsome as Lizzie was, there would be no danger to or from her.

So she argued, being a stern and upright woman, with a great grief in her life that had brought no taint of shame to her with it, and though, speaking from her own experience, with Longfellow she might truly have said:

"Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong."

she carried still about with her in her own husbandless, childless, loveless life the marks of the conflict through which she had passed, and the scars thus won made her more gentle and lenient to the griefs and shortcomings of others, more pitiful to those who flagged and fell by the way, and more ready to help the afflicted and the oppressed.

So Lady Elizabeth, having great compassion upon the girl whom she could not love, but for whose tender years and strange position she felt she must make every allowance, determined to wait until she or her lover should summon courage boldly to ask her consent, giving them meanwhile every encouragement to do so.



"Who is living at The Elms?" she asked at luncheon.

"The Grants," replied Mrs. Fish. "Don't you remember, dear," she added, "how intimate you were with Miss Fothergill of the Grove? She married a Captain Grant, and they bought the house. I heard there were a great many people staying there, but you have shut yourself up so much during the last ten years that we see no one now," with a sigh.

"I ask because my brother writes to tell me that he has offered some shooting in our preserves to a Major Grant and any friend of his who may be staying at The Elms. Though I can send and repeat the invitation I don't see that I need invite them here," doubtfully.

"It will scarcely be like you not to do so," replied Mrs. Fish, "particularly as Mrs. Grant was a friend of yours."

"No, that makes it awkward. She was Amy Fothergill, was she? I wish my brother had come home before he invited these people," was the half-petulant response.

"Is papa coming home?" asked Elizabeth, in her calm, passionless tones.

"My brother? yes, he talks of it. I don't know—he doesn't know himself. But about these Grants?"

Elizabeth lifted her big, black, Oriental eyes, and looked at her ladyship steadily. After a second or two she lowered them, and for the rest of the meal seemed to take no notice of the conversation that was going on.

She did not even utter a comment when Mrs. Fish at length succeeded in inducing her ladyship to consent to drive round to The Elms that afternoon, call upon Mrs. Grant, repeat Captain Fitz-Howard Hill's invitation to the major, and fix some date at no distant period for a dinner-party at the Abbey.

"At last I shall see somebody more in my own station of life," thought Elizabeth, as she left the table.

But she made no verbal observation. She was a languid, indolent, elegant young woman, one who never talked much, and who evidently thought, "speech is silver, silence is gold," and preferred the superior metal.

Very rarely did anyone get more than a mere "yes" or "no," or "I don't think so," from her, though a little animation when it could be infused gave a new light and character and brilliancy to her beauty.

In repose, with no emotion ruffling the placid, statuesque appearance of her face, she was like a lovely though almost lifeless block of deeply-tinted marble.

But animated—her big, full, Eastern eyes aglow, though shaded by their long, curling lashes, the slight flush of colour on her otherwise olive-checked, passive face, her red lips parted with a half smile, showing the pearly teeth, while a slight dimple centred the left cheek, and the low, broad forehead with its straight, dusky hair, from which a slight lock or two escaped, and that was wound simply in a knot at the back of her head, all tended to make her quite as much singular as beautiful.

Strongly enough she carried the marks of her mother's race about with her, and yet, seen by those who had no East Indian prejudices, there was something nobly grand and striking about the girl, which in any place in Europe would have singled her out from a crowd.

So isolated had their social life been at the Abbey for the last ten years, and so accustomed was Lady Elizabeth to the girl's appearance, that it never occurred to her how it might strike other people, and therefore, though she did not invite her to go with her, she drove with Mrs. Fish to The Elms, to call upon the Grants, renew her acquaintance with an old friend and give an invitation to the Abbey, little dreaming of the new element of danger that she was introducing into her previously quiet home.

And, indeed, how could she have an idea of it?

For Mrs. Grant was out when she called, and the next day when it was returned by Mrs. Grant, her husband, the major, to whom the shooting had been offered, and his nephew, a young man of some four or five and twenty, who was heir to a Scotch peerage, Miss Elizabeth and Mrs. Fish had gone to London on a shopping expedition, and thus the invitation to dinner was given and accepted, without the presumed heiress to Drayton being seen by the intended guests.

"I wish she had been at home," remarked Mrs. Grant, a pretty little blonde now becoming a trifle passé. "I have heard so much of Miss Fitz-Howard Hill's beauty that I am quite curious to see her."

"Yes, I want to see her, too," replied the somewhat sunburnt soldier; "it was always strange how

her father avoided talking of her. I knew her mother, she was one of the prettiest women I ever saw."

"Ah, poor Lady Alice, it was very sad to think she should have died at sea, better far to have remained in India, she would at least have had her husband with her," said the lady.

"Yes, but the doctors said it was her only chance of life and that she might recover," assented Major Grant. "I had applied for leave at the time and it was refused, or I should have taken charge of her on the voyage. Still I could not have saved her; she was not drowned, you know."

"Yes, I was in Devonshire at the time, but I heard all about it; and this child was snatched out of the sea; it was a narrow escape for the last of the Draytons."

"The last of the Draytons," repeated the major; "ah, I remember, they believe the title will be revived in her favour for her husband or eldest son. She is a great match. I wish we had not brought Duncan with us."

"Nonsense, cousin; besides, if report is true, Miss Fitz-Howard Hill has a lover. But don't let us anticipate evil; I was so delighted to meet my old friend Lady Elizabeth. What grief that woman has had and how nobly she bears it."

"How, is it a secret?"

"No."

Then Mrs. Grant told of the love which the proud mistress of Drayton Abbey once had for the man who became a convict.

But of this we shall hear again.

The dinner party at Drayton Abbey was fixed for the end of the following week, and perhaps Elizabeth looked forward to it more eagerly than anyone. Little did she think what it would bring her.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### "I MEAN YOUR NIECE."

We may live without poetry, music, and art,  
We may live without conscience and live without heart;

We may live without friends, we may live without books,

But civilised man cannot live without cooks;

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?

He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?

He may live without love—what is passion but pining?

But where is the man that can live without dining?

OWEN MEREDITH.

It was the day of the dinner-party at the Abbey, and Stevens, the house-steward and butler, seemed to have contracted for a new lease of life, if one might judge from the air of extreme importance with which he bustled about the mansion.

For whole days before silver dishes and épergnes and various articles of plate, which had scarcely seen the light of day for ten whole years, had been brought forth and industriously polished, while Stevens and Mrs. Hood, the housekeeper, talked together of the times when they had been used, and lamented the past glories of the house they served, all for the benefit of the younger servants, who listened in silence and with discreet awe to an account of festivities which they hoped soon would be revived.

The head gardener, too, had had a raid made upon his most cherished hot-house plants, and was by no means as amiable as was his wont in consequence. Not that the butler and housekeeper cared—still less did Lady Elizabeth; the dining-room and rest of the house had to be decorated, flowers were necessary, and why should three or four gardeners be kept if they were not to be forthcoming?

Very magnificent the great banquetting-hall of the Abbey looked when Lady Elizabeth was called in to look at it an hour before the expected arrival of the guests.

Flowers and fruit, glass and silver, with many-coloured creams and jellies, decorated the table, while from the oak-panelled walls looked down the portraits of a long line of the Fitz-Howards, gentlemen in armour who had taken part in the Crusades, and left their bones to whiten in the Holy Land centuries ago; gentlemen in doublet and hose and costly lace, down to the portrait of the last earl, taken as he appeared at the coronation of Her present Majesty Queen Victoria.

With them were their wives and daughters in many and various costumes, according to the date at which they lived. Yet the family likeness was a visible more or less upon them all, and of whom Lady Elizabeth was so distinct a representative.

Through the painted windows the last rays of the setting sun shone through, dimming the light of the wax candles, which were just ignited for effect, and

gleaming on the complete suits of armour of the knights, who seemed to keep guard at the eastern end of the room.

"Yes, I don't think you can improve it, Stevens—everything is perfect," remarked the lady, walking round and critically examining everything, "and it is but a small party after all."

"Yes, my lady, only ten, and we could as well have seated twenty, but it's like old times come back again to see a table laid out like that in this room. I almost feel young again; it's only when I look in the glass that I remember how many years have passed over my head."

"Nothing could have been better, Stevens," replied the lady, graciously, and then she walked away to her own room to dress.

Besides the Grants and Lord Duncan, the Major's nephew, who was staying with them, Lady Elizabeth had invited the rec or of Drayton, who was unmarried and a Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, who lived at Leigh Hall, some four or five miles off, and with whom in former years she had been intimate.

Their absence from England, however, and her seclusion had made them comparative strangers, but she had called, the invitation had been given and accepted, and the Leighs and Grants would meet this evening for the first time.

Had Miss Elizabeth been left to her own devices she would have worn a dress this evening of the richest and costliest material that could be procured, for the love of dress was one of her great weaknesses, and, though the failing is by no means uncommon, it was doubtless part of the heritage that came with her Eastern origin.

But her ladyship wisely overruled her taste, and a thin gauzy material of the palest and most delicate creamy tint was worn, while one bursting damask rosebud with maiden hair fern was fastened in front of her square-cut bodice, and a red and a creamy opening rose, similarly set, adorned her hair.

It was all very plain, and Elizabeth was by no means pleased with it.

She would have liked to have worn pearls, or diamonds, or glowing, fiery rubies, such as she knew her aunt possessed, and rich and costly lace, and silks and satins, while instead she was condemned to appear in the most simple costume, "as though," as she bitterly remarked, "she had been a dependant in the house, a governess, or companion—anything but the representative of that long line of ancestors whose faces looked down from the walls of the banquetting-hall."

Lady Elizabeth, however, brooked no contradiction or admitted any question as to the correctness of her taste, and the girl went down to the drawing-room looking very beautiful, but feeling very cross, and appearing, as she always did when thwarted or in a bad temper, as though she were out out of stone, and a smile could never be called up to her countenance.

The mistress of the Abbey looked regal in her long, flowing dress of richest pale blue silk, cut heart-shaped, and with its deep frill of old lace reminding one again of her likeness to that queen under whose reign the power of Spain was weakened.

Even Mrs. Fish looked as though she had thrown off ten years of rust and disuse for this special occasion, and looked quite interesting, if not handsome, in her dress of black lace with gold ornaments, in which an occasional diamond gleamed like a dim star on a dark and cloudy night.

The rector was the first to arrive.

Comparatively young—certainly not more than two or three and thirty, handsome in point of size and regularity of features yet without that somewhat heavy and inclined to be dogmatic and pompous, like a man who had eaten a large dinner and found it difficult to digest, the Rev. R-dley MacFarlane formed a by no means insignificant person in a room, and helped to fill up a gap both in regard to space and conversation.

In his secret soul the reverend gentl-man admired Miss Elizabeth, thought what a good thing it would be for the church, and particularly for him if the rich lands and revenues of the Abbey could again come under the control of one of the clergy, and with this object in view he tried hard to interest her in the affairs of the parish, and more particularly in the services of the church, and last, but certainly not least, in himself.

His efforts were productive of very little result, however, and perhaps were not decided or energetic enough to be so.

Three or four times in the year he was invited to dine at the Abbey, the ladies attended church on Sundays, and were always ready to receive him when he called about subscriptions for the poor, for renovating the church, or for anything of the kind connected with the parish, but that was all, and the worthy clergyman never got any farther.

A start of surprise as Elizabeth's beauty flashed

upon him, and an odd sensation about the region of the heart puzzled him, while it also suggested the idea that even without the Drayton wealth and pedigree the young lady in herself would be worth consideration.

But before his naturally slow brain could follow this notion to any extent the Grants were announced, and his attention was immediately attracted towards them.

Mrs. Grant and her husband—she a small blonde of seven or eight and thirty, he, some five or six years her senior, red-skinned, red-haired, the former tanned, the latter scanty and grey; a man who had spent many years in the army, and had not learnt urbanity of manner or gracious courtesy in the service—a man who felt bored unless he had a good dinner before him, and who took no pains to hide the feeling.

The guest of the evening, however, the man for whose entertainment all the rest had been invited, was evidently Major Grant, a tall, stern-looking man with grizzled hair and irregular features, but with a soft, clear, loving, grey eye, that quite belied the story of harshness and lack of tenderness that the rest of his features would imply. To him Lady Elizabeth gave her hand with more cordiality than was usual with her, and though she also shook hands with Lord Duncan, she returned again to talk with the major, forgetting, it would seem, to present her niece to him.

Not being in a very good temper, Elizabeth noticed and mentally resented the omission, but Mrs. Fish, who knew Mrs. Grant, rectified the matter as far as the rest of the party were concerned, and Lord Duncan was soon by the young lady's side, talking to her and thinking how awfully pretty she would be if she would once thoroughly smile, and her mask like face would light up with dimples and animation.

She answered him sweetly enough, however, saying "Yes" and "No," playing with her fan, and thinking in her heart that he was ever so much better-looking than Arthur Fish, besides possessing an air of superiority and a handle to his name, which the man who had told her he loved her certainly had not.

But the pause before dinner was not great. Mr. and Mrs. Leigh were announced, and then the party trooped down to dinner, Lord Duncan taking Elizabeth on his arm, though it had been intended the rector should do so, a piece of artifice on his part which the young lady seemed neither to approve of or reject, for she was still out of humour with her dress and her aunt, and was far too much accustomed to consider her own caprices first to pay much attention at the time to the wishes or desires of other people.

So they went down to the banquetting-hall and took their seats, while Stevens, with his staff of footmen, brought soup and fish and all the delicacies which the season and wealth and taste could give or obtain, and the meal was nearly over, and a lull had fallen on the conversation, when Major Grant abruptly asked:

"By the way, Lady Elizabeth, where is my friend's daughter, your niece? I thought I was to have the pleasure of meeting her."

"So you have, Major Grant," then slightly raising her voice so that it might be heard at the other end of the table, she said:

"Elizabeth, I am afraid I forgot to introduce you to Major Grant."

The young lady bowed, so did the major mechanically, but his eyes stared at her as though he could not believe his senses, and he said to his hostess in a lower tone yet loud enough for others to hear:

"I mean your niece, the daughter of your sister, Lady Alice."

"Yes," was the calm reply, and the lady bowed, but she carefully kept her eyes from meeting his, and asked some question of Mr. Leigh, who sat at her right hand, seeming not to notice what could scarcely fail to be remarked by anyone, the consternation, dismay, even horror, that came over his countenance, though he gave no expression to them with his voice.

Dinner was over for him after that, though, a rare thing for him, his glass was emptied often enough, yet the contents of his plate were scarcely touched; not that this made any visible effect upon him except to make him more silent and taciturn, and to take long glances, when he thought himself unobserved, at that dark-eyed girl whose emotionless, passive face, with all its beauty, seemed so repulsively familiar to him, and from whom his nephew every now and again just succeeded in winning a smile; not a hearty, frank, bright smile, like so much rippling sunlight, such as he could remember to have seen upon the face of Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill, but an apathetic, languid smile, as though the mere contraction of the muscles was almost too much trouble for her; a smile such as he had often seen on semi-Eastern faces and half-admired, per-

haps, but that in the place struck him with an almost deathly chill.

This, then, was the cause why his companion-in-arms and most intimate friend would never talk about his son to him.

His first sensation was one of anger and disgust; his second, that there was some mistake or criminal deception, and whatever it was he determined to unearth it.

And then his mind, as if by a natural rebound, went back to a face he had seen but a month before in an old German cathedral, where he had strolled in for half an hour in passing through the city, and he remembered now how vividly it had struck him then that Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill was before him, and how, for the moment, he had been going to address her as his old friend when suddenly memory recalled to his mind that his friend had long since been lowered to her last resting-place under the bosom of the deep, cruel sea.

So great was his surprise, however, that he did speak to the owner of the familiar face, but her name, which he managed to discover, was unfamiliar to him.

It was strange that this night, as he looked at Elizabeth Fitz-Howard Hill, the conviction, without any reasonable or rational ground for it, should come upon him that those two girls were born to change places.

Yet such was the conviction his mind jumped at, and he was believed by himself and family to be gifted with that weird faculty called "second sight."

Yet how was it possible? What relation could either of those two girls have to the other?

Major Grant asked himself these questions, but could not answer them; still, his odd conviction was unshaken, and he determined at the first opportunity to put Lady Elizabeth through a severe cross-examination.

"I was her sister's friend," he muttered, grimly, "and but for Hill I might have hoped to be something nearer and dearer, but I'll see that her memory isn't outraged like this if I stand alone in fighting for it."

After this the dinner party could scarcely be termed a success.

Major Grant was grimly silent. Lady Elizabeth was entertaining her friends with an evident effort, and Miss Elizabeth had only just sufficiently recovered from her bad temper to flirt with Lord Duncan, and pay but scant attention to anyone else.

A course of co duet which we may be sure found no favour in the eyes of Mrs. Fish.

(To be Continued)

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### THE DRAMA.

#### OPERA COMIQUE.

THE success of "Liz: That Lass o' Lowrie's," at the Opera Comique, under the new management of Mr. John Radcliff, calls for a supplemental notice beyond our hasty sketch penned on the night of its first performance. The dramatic part of the story begins in front of the shaft of the mine at Riggan, with a disputation about opening the Davy lamp contrary to "regulations." Phil Lowrie (Mr. F. Gould), "the worst man i' Riggan," which is saying something when we look at the ruffianism of the pitmen, has been discharged from his employ for his stubborn disobedience in persisting to light his pipe at the naked flame when at his perilous work. Phil, attributing his discharge to Mr. Fergus Derriek (Mr. J. D. Beveridge), the chief engineer, has resolved on a dreadful revenge. Previous, however, to Phil's entrance we have a little sample of Black Country miners. Nan (Liz in Mrs. Bennett's novel) enters, hunted by the pit-women, with a baby in her arms; they tear her shabby finery, and hoot at her and her base-born infant. Liz Lowrie (Miss Rose Leclercq) comes on, takes the baby from the terrified Nan (Miss M. Pritchard), upbraids the women for their cruelty, and declares herself the champion of the poor girl, to whom she gives a home. Phil enters and Liz has to confront her father, who taxes her with dogging his steps, with loving Derriek, and desiring to thwart his vengeance, and finally is about to fell her to the earth. Liz don't deny the charges—on the contrary, she declares her intention of saving his victim, whereon her tender parent proceeds to throw her down the shaft, from which exercise of parental authority Liz is rescued by young Derriek, who brings down Phil with a right-baader, and the curtain also comes down.

In the next act the revengeful plot against the engineer is well afoot. Phil Lowrie, with his confederates, Spraggs and Brady, armed with bludgeons and vitriol, are lurking to waylay Derriek on his return from the Manor House. The young engineer has been warned repeatedly by Liz, and now carries a revolver, but this does not save him. The three ruffians have been overheard by a pit lad, Jud Bates (Miss I. Bedford), who is out bird-nesting on a dark evening. There was here a capital bit of character acting. Jud Bates, discovered, refuses to "awear secrecy while only his own life is threatened, but when Phil proposes to kill the boy's dog, Nib, he gives a desperate consent. The boy is only just got rid of when Liz appears upon the road; Phil knowing her intention of warning Derriek, leaves his ambush to meet her. He passes the spot where Spraggs and Brady lie, and they rush out in the dark, mistaking him for Derriek, and fell him to the ground. Derriek arrives on the spot with a light (they turn on the limelight) and Liz discovers that her father has fallen the victim of his own murderous plot, at the hands of his associates.

In the third act Derriek, failing to induce Mr. Johnstone Barholm (Mr. J. B. Durham), the proprietor of Riggan Colliery, to support him in enforcing measures for the protection of the miners, has resigned his employment, yet is down the pit when the dreadful explosion takes place. Derriek's friend Alfred Lonsdale (Mr. Carton), a zealous young clergyman, volunteers down the shaft to the rescue, and the curtain falls to a tableau of kneeling and despairing men, women and children. In the fourth act Liz, who has become companion to Annie Barholm (Miss Alice Grey), the daughter of the colliery owner, is drawn into a confession of her love for the lost Derriek, who is, however, listening behind the hedge. This of course is the denouement, and their marriage winds up the fortunes of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." There is an underplot of the love of the bashful carate and the rich heiress Annie Barholm, in which the young lady very amusingly does the lovemaking. There is also a vulgar orator, Sammy Craddock, comically played by Mr. J. G. Taylor.

As a whole we may characterise this play as of the school we were wont to call "Adelphi dramas," and it is certainly a forcible and realistic picture of a class of society of rough and peculiar vices and virtues, first made familiar to the public by the late Mrs. Gaskell. A capital comedietta, "Married Another," concludes the evening.

### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MR. J. S. CLARKE began a brief engagement at the Haymarket on Saturday last Stirling Coyne's comedy of "A Widow Hunt." His Major Wellington de Boots excited the customary roars of laughter. His Paul Pry, too, is unquestionably one of the best, if not the best impersonation of the hero of Epule's comedy since the days of John Liston.

### NORTH WOOLWICH GARDENS.

TRULY "the people's caterer" is one who may be described in the matter of public amusements, as one who "has a shy at all in the ring." Last Monday he had his "fourth annual military fête, under the sanction and patronage of Major-General Sir C. L. D'Aguilar, K.O.B., Colonel Markham, and the officers of the garrison." The arrangements were admirable and the attendance of spectators enormous. The sports, which consisted of a 130 yards' race, open to all regiments; a 200 yards' veterans' race for men over 15 years in the service; a 200 yards' hurdle-race (eight flights); long jumping, high jumping, putting the shot, tossing the caber, and a hauling game, called "the tug of war," had full entries, and displayed to immense advantage the athletic capabilities of our brave royal artillery and marines. In the evening the theatre was crowded to witness the assault of arms, in which broadsword and bayonet, single-stick, quarter-staff, fencing with rapier and foil, dumbell and Indian club exercises were grandly illustrated. Gymnastic exercises on the horizontal bar, and other tests of strength and dexterity, were exhibited; and not the least amusing part of the evening was the distribution of the various prizes and the apt remarks made thereon by Mr. William Holland. On Monday the Annual Barmid contest commenced and will continue for 12 days.

LAST week's report of the health of Mlle. Titiens is more favourable, though the gifted artist is still too low and weak to hope for the resumption of her arduous professional duties for some time to come.

MISS HELEN BARRY, the well-known actress, was married on Saturday at St. Mark's Church, Regent's Park Road, to Major Alexander Roils.





[THE DESERTED HOUSE.]

## THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

"WHAT a place to land in! It is like entering Hades," said Sir Parke, as they got out of the boat and stood upon the beach.

"Take the boat back to bring off the boys," ordered Miss Brande.

And when she was left alone with her passengers, she said:

"Now, gentlemen, how can I serve you? How will you amuse yourselves? The sporting season is long over. And I regret to say that that I am not at liberty to invite you up to the house."

"Then, Miss Brande, we must waive ceremony and proceed without invitation," said Lord Montessor, gently, as if to atone in his manner for any seeming rudeness in his words.

"What can you mean, sir?" inquired Barbara, with increased distrust and anxiety.

"Pardon me, Miss Brande. You cannot but have guessed the object of Sir Parke Morelle's voyage to America?"

"I am no Yankee, sir; yet, of course, as you say, I have surmised that the father comes but in quest of his daughter," replied Barbara, with a glance full of sympathy toward the baronet.

Sir Parke responded by slightly lifting his hat.

"And would you, Miss Brande, knowing the present home of that long-lost daughter, suffer her father, in his ignorance of her retreat, to leave the spot far behind, to pursue his unavailing search in another hopeless direction?" inquired Lord Montessor, solemnly.

Barbara did not at once reply, but seemed buried in profound reflection, as if seeking the clue to some unexplained mystery.

Lord Montessor could scarcely repress his vehement impatience.

"Well, Miss Brande?" he said, anxiously regarding her.

"Well, sir," replied Barbara, gravely, "I perceive that you have somehow discovered the retreat of this lady. I only trust that it has been through no indiscretion on my part."

"We have. She is your reclusive tenant. And we

have learned this through no inadvertency of yours."

"Since this is so," said Barbara, earnestly, "I will admit that I am glad of it. Knowing—or rather believing—as I did, that yourself and her father were on the way to seek her where she could not be found, in the city of Baltimore, my heart, through all the voyage, ached because I was not permitted to say to you: 'She whom you seek is my tenant at the Headland.' Thank Heaven, that without any breach of faith on my part, you are informed of it. Sir Parke," she said, turning and addressing the baronet, "you will let your daughter know this?"

"I will, Miss Brande. How shall we get up this steep? It is a very dark night."

"I will show you. Follow me, if you please. Lord Montessor, I really think you had better give your arm to Sir Parke. The ascent is very difficult even in daylight, and now we can scarcely discern the cedar thickets from the chasms in the rocks," said Barbara, as she carefully led the way up the bank.

Lord Montessor took the hand of the old man, and with a wildly throbbing heart, that all his resolution could not quiet, followed.

A few moments more—a few swift, vital moments more and he should see her—should hear her speak—should clasp her living hand. Oh, wild impatient heart be still—be still—it is but an instant, and then, and then!

They toiled up the bank; they reached the top, and then the old trees waving in the night wind, and the old house looming in the darkness, stood before them.

A gloomy, foreboding, funereal atmosphere overshadowed the place. Hope sickened as she looked upon the scene.

"It is as dark as Erebus. There is not a light to be seen in all the house, and not a sound to be heard without. I hope the mistress and her maid have not yet retired," said Lord Montessor, uneasily.

"Oh, no, sir! I think not. The lady's chamber, which is also her usual sitting-room, and the maid's kitchen, are both in the back part of the building. I will ring."

And going up the rickety steps of the portico Barbara rang a peal and waited a minute—two minutes—but no advancing light was seen; no coming step was heard. She rang louder.

The peal was re-echoed through the great, desolate house with a strange, vacant, hollow reverberation.

Then followed a dead silence; they waited anxiously and tried in the darkness to read the expression in each other's faces.

Three minutes passed like an age, and Barbara pulled the bell handle with all her strength.

The bell sounded through the vast gloomy house with a clamour and a clangour loud enough to rouse the old dead ancestors in the burial-ground beyond; it awoke nothing but the dreary, wailing, ghostly echo.

Five minutes of anxious waiting, peering and listening, passed, and then Barbara jerked the bell-handle a third time, with peril to the ropes.

The peal seemed enough to have shaken the old chimneys to their base, and started the slates from the roof.

But only the phantom Echo was within to wail forth her weird response.

They looked at each other with dimly visible troubled white faces, gleaming faintly in the surrounding darkness.

For some moments no one spoke; each seemed fearful to give voice to his or her forebodings.

Had Death been there before them, and for ever set the seal of the grave upon Estelle's earthly fate, and rendered vain, as far as life was concerned, her father's late relenting?

Lord Montessor's deep, troubled voice first broke the silence.

"Miss Brande, what think you of this?"

"I dare not yet think," replied Barbara, in a tremulous tone; but we will go around to the back part of the house, and see if we can discover anything."

And carefully descending the rickety stairs, she groped her way around to the rear of the dwelling. The two gentlemen followed her. But at the back as at the front all was shut up, dark and still. No sign of human habitation was near the place.

"Miss Brande," exclaimed Lord Montessor, in a voice of anguish, "what is the meaning of this?"

"The Lord only knows," responded Barbara, in great agitation. "But, follow me, gentlemen."

"Where are you going?" inquired Sir Parke Morelle.

"Down to a cabin at the foot of the bank, where two old negroes live who may be able to give us some satisfaction."

And hurrying onward she began the difficult descent of the steep, with a precipitancy more indicative of haste and anxiety than of a regard for her own life and limbs.

The gentlemen followed with all speed consistent with Sir Parke's infirmities.

At the foot of the bank she ran against the boys, just landed from the boat.

"Why, where in the world are you running to, sister?" exclaimed Willful, when stopped by the wild and hurrying figure.

"To Uncle Nep's cabin. The house above is abandoned. Follow me. But where is the boat?"

"It is just putting off," replied Willful.

"Boat ahoy!" she called—"come back and wait for us at the foot of the ash tree."

Lord Montessor, who had by this time helped Sir Parke down the descent, now joined her. She also heard the light splash of the oars of the returning boat, and knew by the sound which followed that it was pushed up on the sands.

"Come, now," she said, and hurried along under the overhanging bank until she came to a place where the bluff suddenly sunk into a little bowl-like hollow, where, closely sheltered and deeply shaded even at noon-day by the over-arching trees, stood the little cabin, with its single dip candle gleaming through the tiny window out into the deep darkness.

Willful ran forward and rapped at the door, which was immediately opened by the namesake of the "Ocean Queen," who called out:

"Who 'ar?"

"It's me, Aunt Amphitrite," replied the grammar-despising lad.

"Lors a messy pon top o' my soul, if it ain't do chile. Hi, boy, where you come from? Drop right outen the sky, didn't yer? Come in! Lors a messy, come in outen de night air. Where's your sister?"

"Here I am, aunty, and here are strangers," said Barbara, as she came up.

"Ask your husband to come here to the door; we wish to speak to you both," said Barbara, who with her heart pausing with dread, now that she had arrived at the spot, seized the slightest pretext for delaying the question upon which the happiness of so many hung.

The old man came bending towards the door.

"How does you do, Miss Barbara, honey?" "Deed I see mighty proud to see you. How do, Mars' Edwy, hon-y? How do chile do grow?"

"I am very glad to see you so well, Neptune, but have no time nor heart for compliments now, old man," said Miss Brande, when she saw that Sir Parke Morelle and Lord Montessor had come up and were now standing near her, in great anxiety. "Tell me, Neptune. What has become of Mrs. Estel?"

The hearts of all suspended their action while waiting the slow reply of the old man. It came at last in the form of another question.

"Mrs. Estel, honey?"

"Yes."

"De beautiful chile as lib up yonder?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Do one as you rent de ole house to?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, speak at once, and tell us where she is!"

"Done gone."

"Gone! we know it! but where?"

"Dat's what I can't tell you, honey. She done gone 'way in a wessel!—she an' de young 'oman."

"Thank Heaven that their worst fears were set at rest. She was not 'gone' out of the world; she was still living; they had still a future; all breathed more freely.

"But surely you know something about the lady's departure? Come! collect your faculties, Neptune, and tell us what you do know!" said Barbara.

"Deed I doesn't know a singly thing more'n I'se telled yer; an' dat's de Hebenly Marster's trufe."

"Don't you know when the lady went?"

"Deed, honey, she went 't'other week; but de sact one I could not 'form you; dough 'haps my ole 'oman might."

"What an idiotic creature," exclaimed Sir Parke Morelle, in disgust.

Lord Montessor remained silently and intently listening.

"Amphitrite, can you tell me when Mrs. Estel went?"

"Bout a mont' ago, chile!—'deed she!"

"Where did she go?"

"Deed, chile, Miss Susan—she 'cline for to tell me, when I ax her."

"You don't know where she went, then?"

"Deed, Lord knows don't I, honey. I wish to de Lord how I did."

"What was the name of the vessel she sailed by?"

"Clare to Marster, honey, I couldn't tell you, being as I don't know myself."

"Nor the name of the captain?"

"Nor likewise de name o' de capan, chile."

"Umph! Was the vessel she sailed in going up or down the Bay?"

"Deed Lors-a-mity knows, I couldn't 'form you

which, Miss Barbara—case de wessel come to anchor some time in de night, and den next night, some time fore day, she sailed ag'in. So we nebber seen whedder she came up or down when she 'riv', or whedder she go up or down when she left!"

"But surely you can tell us which way her prow pointed?" asked Barbara, catching at this faint clue as the drowning catch at straws.

"I donno what you mean by the prow, honey."

"Her head, then. In which direction was her head? Where did her head point? Up or down?"

"Why, chile, when I seen her, her head pointed straight up in de sky, wid a blue an' white flag adyin' from the top of it; leastways it wer a blue groun' wid a 'mendous big white cross on it, as Miss Susan said, wer a Union Jack—which Jack being short for Jonathan, and Union meanin' de United States—made me think how she must a' been a 'Merican ship. But any ways, long as yer so anxious to know, her head pointed straight up to de sky!"

"Oh dear me, Amphy! we are not talking of the mast head, but of the prow—the forepart of the vessel!" said Barbara, impatiently.

"Den 'clare to my 'Vise Master I doesn't know de head from de tail," retorted the Ocean Queen.

"Neptune, can you tell me whether, when you saw that vessel at anchor in the day-time, her prow pointed up or down the bay?"

"Deed, honey, she stood neyther up nor dowa the bay, but right crossways, wid her prow 'p'intin' right in towards the Headland here."

"Satisfactory. And do you not know, Neptune, whether she went up or down the bay?"

"Deed, honey, I don't know nuffin at all 'bout it 'cept what I'se already telled you."

"Did the lady leave a letter or a message with either of you?"

"Clare to Marster, honey, de chile didn't leave no letter 'long of us, nor likewise no message 'cept 'twas to give her love an' de Lor' might bless you."

It were tedious to repeat the close and severe cross-questioning to which the old couple were subjected. Suffice it to say that the catechism proved fruitless. The old couple had already informed their mistress upon the subject of the mysterious flitting.

At length Barbara said:

"It is bare! possible, my lord, that she has left a note or letter for me upon her dressing-table, or somewhere in the house. Shall we get lights, proceed thither, and examine the premises?"

Lord Montessor bowed in silence. His heart was too heavily oppressed with despair for many words.

Barbara told the old man to light a lantern and attend them back to the old house. And once more the whole party, preceded by the old man with the light, traversed the winding beach, ascended the weary bluff, and stood beside the half-ruined mansion.

Neptune, who had the keys as well as the lantern, unlocked the front door and admitted them.

The damp, dreary wind, that must have blown out the light had it not been protected by the glass lantern, was the only thing that welcomed them.

They went into the barely-furnished parlour, where Barbara found everything standing as it had stood for years; but no note or letter on table, stand, or mantel-shelf.

They next passed into her bed-chamber, where they found everything in order, but no note or letter. They visited the kitchen and Susan Copewood's sleeping-room with no more successful results. And at last, after a thorough and fruitless examination of the whole premises, they were forced to abandon the hopeless search.

"All clue seems lost," exclaimed the baronet, in despair.

Lord Montessor could not suppress a deep groan. His strong heart seemed about to break beneath this new blow.

"Let us hope," said Barbara. "We set sail from London for the port of Baltimore, where you first of all expected to find her. Let us proceed on our voyage. We may yet come up with her in Baltimore."

"Heaven grant it!" exclaimed the baronet, whose anxiety to find his lost daughter increased with the difficulty and delay.

Barbara then gave the old man Neptune the money and packets of groceries that she had brought for him; completed the other little arrangements that had brought her to the shore; took her leave of her old servants, and accompanied by her disappointed and saddened passengers, returned to the vessel.

Assembled around the little centre table of the cabin they held another consultation.

"Had Estelle no friends or neighbours in this place with whom she might have left a letter or message?" inquired Lord Montessor.

"No, there are none nearer than Eastville. And yet, now I think of it, she may have left some charge with my lawyer at the village. So if you

think best we will lie at anchor over to-morrow to ride up thither to make inquiries. What say you, gentlemen?"

"Undoubtedly, that is the plan," replied Lord Montessor and Sir Parke.

The party then separated for the night.

Early the next morning they went on shore. Old Neptune, being ordered, quickly put the horses to the carriage.

Sir Parke and Miss Brande entered and took the back seat. Lord Montessor and Willful sat in front. The boy took the reins. After a rapid drive of two hours they reached Eastville, and drew up before the lawyer's office.

Miss Brande alighted and entered, where she found the lawyer seated at his desk, writing. He instantly arose and came forward to meet her.

"Good morning, Miss Brande. Pray take a seat."

"I thank you, no sir. My tenant, Mrs. Estel, has left the Headland. Has she possibly charged you with any message for me?"

"Letter? Yes, Miss Brande, here it is," answered the lawyer, going to his desk and producing the missive.

Barbara almost snatched it from his hand, tore it open, and glanced eagerly along its lines. Then, with a deep sigh, she went out and read it to Sir Parke and Lord Montessor. It ran thus:

"THE HEADLAND, March 18, 18—.

"MY DEAR MISS BRANDE.—In withdrawing from the Headland for an indefinite number of years, I do not throw up the lease; but leaving the key in charge of Neptune, I beg that during my absence you will freely use the house. Enclosed you will find payment for the whole term of the lease.

"Truly your friend,

"ESTELLE."

"And that is all," simultaneously exclaimed the father and the lover.

"Yes."

They were not contented. They left the carriage and went into the office of the lawyer, whom they minutely questioned. But he could tell them absolutely nothing.

They re-entered the carriage, and at Barbara's suggestion drove to the dwelling of the parish clergyman.

This venerable man had attended Estelle in her illness, but he could give them no satisfaction as to her present retreat. All further inquiries in that neighbourhood proved fruitless. Evidently Estelle had concealed from all the place of her destination.

With heavy hearts they returned to the vessel.

The next morning they set sail for Baltimore, where they duly arrived.

For weeks Sir Parke and Lord Montessor pursued their search through the city. Then finding all their efforts unavailing, they took leave of Barbara Brande and of Baltimore, and began a tour of all the principal cities in the United States.

Meanwhile they appointed an agent in New York to whom all communications for themselves were to be addressed. Then they inserted in all the newspapers carefully-worded advertisements, designed to be understood by Estelle alone, and to be answered through this agent.

After several months of fruitless travel, search, and anxious waiting, it occurred to Sir Parke that his daughter might possibly have returned to her native country. And acting upon this idea, and still accompanied by his intended son-in-law, the baronet sailed for England.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ESTELLE had been too strong to die.

With the skilful attention of the village physician, the devoted care of her faithful servant, and the fervent prayers of the parish minister, she had recovered from her long and dangerous illness.

The first use she made of her convalescence was to abandon the Headland House.

Since the first exciting visit of Lord Montessor to the place the scene had become insufferable to her. To fly from it or to lose her reason seemed the only alternative.

Ah! it is a comparatively easy thing, in some exalted mood of mind, to make a supreme offering of affection to the shrine of duty—as easy as self-slaughter is, if that were required; for the wrench of parting, like the throes of death, is but a short agony.

But such voluntary immolation is not self-slaughter, it is more—it is the self-inhumation of the living!

The heart thus cut off from the love which is its life does not find the peace of death but the dull anguish of the living tomb—it cannot die, but continues to throb, to yearn and to suffer.



Thus the test is not in the fierce struggle with temptation and the keen pangs of sacrifice, but in the terrible reaction; in the dull, gnawing pain of all the after time; in the aching sense of bereavement, loneliness, and utter desolation; in the long succession of dreary, weary days that dawn without hope, and decline without comfort—each an added link to the heavy chain of hapless years that drag the spirit to the dust; years of slow heart-wasting; years of death in life!

Estelle had thought, when she had severed herself from her lover, that the struggle and the agony was over and the victory won.

And after the torture of the criminal trial, and the pitiless battery of myriad eyes that had fallen upon her defenceless head, and after the moral warfare between her deep affections and her high sense of duty—after all the tempestuous, thronged, and trying scenes through which she had been dragged—worn out in frame and exhausted in spirit, rest had seemed welcome and solitude inviting.

She had signed for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade."

She had sought and found in the Headland such a retreat. The very desolation and dreariness of the locality had attracted her.

The solitary gloom of the dark pine woods, the sterile brow of the bank, and the lonely waste of waters accorded well with her soul's sadness.

The melancholy days of autumn—"the saddest in the year"—the incessant weeping of the skies; the unceasing wailing of the wind; the perpetual sighing of the trees for their ever falling leaves; the monotonous moaning of the sea—all harmonised with the dirge-like, mournful music of her own spirit.

But this mood was in itself morbid and temporary. It would not have lasted, even had Lord Montresor never arrived at the Headland to break it up.

Unsuspecting her presence at the house, he had appeared. Unseen by him she had watched him from her window. Stifling the mighty hunger of her heart, she had suffered him to depart.

And then had come the crisis of the fever.

After her recovery, to remain upon the spot associated with the memory of his short and sad visit; in that house so void, so lonely, so cheerless; without a companion, without an occupation; without an interest in life; to rise each morning without object, to lie down each night without sleep, to put day after day, week after week, month after month, the longing desire to hear from him, to write to him, to go after him; to continue such a life and not go mad was difficult—was impossible.

To save herself from the last worst evil she resolved to shut up the house and leave the Headland, to go—somewhere, anywhere, she knew not, cared not whither!

If her journey should only afford her change of scene and distraction from one clinging grief—that would be enough.

At this extremity of need, when she was scarcely competent to the conducting of her own course, providence sent her unhelped for aid and advice.

This came in the form of old Mr. Goodloe, the parish clergyman, who had visited, pitied, and prayed for her during her severe illness.

The Reverend Barabas Goodloe was not a man of any great depth of feeling, breadth of intellect, or extent of experience. But he had passed the greater portion of a long life in performing the quiet duties of a country clergyman.

For forty years he had preached simple sermons to a rustic congregation; had married young men and maidens; had christened children; buried the dead; counselled the living; comforted the afflicted; visited the sick; and relieved the poor of the parish of Eastville. But in all his life, so interesting an object as Estelle had never crossed his path.

In his capacity of clergyman he had been called to her bedside to pray for her recovery, by Susan Copewood, who had a great and saving faith in "the effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man," and who ascribed her beloved lady's restoration to health not so much to the skill of the physician as to the petitions of the pastor.

But Mr. Goodloe could not forget the sweet pale face, and deep, soft tones, and gentle manners of the beautiful sufferer, in whom at the very first sight he had felt so keen an interest.

And though she did not belong to his congregation, and had not once appeared in his church, nor yet had, in thanking him for his attention, invited him to call again, despite his dread of being considered intrusive, he felt irresistibly impelled to pay her a visit.

Estelle received him with the gentle courtesy for which she was distinguished, again thanked him for his kind attentions during her illness, and afterwards on receiving his adieu requested him to come again. Probably her first omission of this civility had been unintentional.

At least so reasoned the aged minister, who soon repeated his visit to Estelle, between whom and himself a mutual esteem arose.

On one of these visits, after contemplating her despairing but most lovely face, and noticing that it grew visibly thinner, paler, and more shadowy, he took her slender hand and said:

"My child, I would not for the world seek to intrude upon your confidence; but your countenance too plainly betrays that you are the victim of some deep, consuming, almost incurable grief. Whatever that grief may be—and I do not seek to know—this dreary scene and lonely life is not the way to wrestle with it successfully; for it is overcoming you—you are dying under it."

"Were that all, indeed, that were well!" replied the lady, mournfully.

"Not so, my child; for life has duties. You have no right to drop the burden of existence; we must all first earn the Heavenly rest. You are not a native of this place, lady; for you there is no healing in these solitary scenes; you must arise and go hence; you have means; go into the crowded city; seek out the unfortunate with which the lanes and alleys are thronged—find the lost men, the wretched women, the destitute children; forget your own, in ministering to their greater sorrows."

"Greater sorrows," good heavens!" echoed Estelle, in mournful incredulity.

"Yes! greater sorrows! however great yours may be—I repeat that there are many, very many who all their mortal lives labour under greater sorrows. You—whatever your grief may be—have youth, health, beauty, intellect, education, competence, a conscience void of offence, and, above all, you are not 'without Him in the world.' Your single sorrow is a disappointment or a bereavement. That is all you probably have to suffer. But for many others, to disappointment and to bereavement, is added age, illness, famine, cold, equinox, the evils of ignorance the remorse of guilt, and under all the horrors of a practical atheism! Behold! I have given you a glimpse of an existing Gehenna, of which you have never heard or dreamed; but to which you will go as a ministering and redeeming angel."

Estelle was deeply moved; pale and breathless she arose, and placing her hand in that of the pastor murmured faintly:

"That is my work. I thank you for indicating it. I will go."

He laid his hand on her head,

"Go! an unprofessed sister of charity among the poor, the ignorant, the sick, and the prisoners. Go, hand-maiden of the Man of Sorrows, follow Him in works of mercy, and He will give you His 'peace—not as the world giveth will He give it you.' And so Heaven bless you!"

And the good old man departed.

And she did not sink again into the bathos of a self-indulgent sorrow. She went to work and prepared for her mission.

She set her house in order; visited the quarters of her humble friends, the old negro couple, and added many substantial comforts to their cabin.

She wrote a letter of adieu to her landlady, Barbara Brande, and committed it to the care of her attorney to be delivered. Then she closed her house, left the keys, for the convenience of the proprietor, with old Neptune, took leave of her few lowly acquaintances, and, accompanied by her devoted attendant, departed without leaving behind any clue to her destination.

(To be Continued)

## INJURIOUS POSITIONS FOR CHILDREN.

MANY young girls become crooked by the habit of placing their hands behind them while repeating their lessons—a most injurious method, tending very much to round the shoulders and depress the chest, unless the thumbs are uppermost and the arms straight. Moreover, the spine and scapula are often displaced by holding one elbow behind the back with the opposite hand; and many deformities arise from a habit of standing on one foot, as also by wearing of low frocks, which is an encouragement to thrust up one or other shoulder. When the bones and muscles are as supple as they are in childhood and youth, they are easily distorted.

Growing girls should not be allowed to carry younger ones for any long time on one arm. In sitting they should not be allowed to stoop over their needlework; when writing, the left arm should be raised some three inches by any convenient support beneath. A very common, but injurious mode of reading which children contract, especially out of school hours, is with the head bent down to meet the book supported in both hands, while the elbows rest on the knee; a

similar bad habit is often acquired in learning drawing, by stooping the body towards the paper instead of raising the drawing properly in front of the figure; and in music also the stool should be drawn up well to the instrument, or the body is thrown at right angles in an ungraceful attitude.

Attention should be particularly paid to the kind of chairs and seats used by children. Arm-chairs are bad, as they are very apt to make children lean on one arm. But the chairs they use should have backs; it is not only fatiguing but injurious for them to sit upright for any long time without some inclined support; and for older girls, during the period of study, it is certainly most unadvisable that they should be compelled to occupy very hard seats for many consecutive hours. For school desks and chairs combined, the Swedish ones are particularly to be recommended; the chairs have comfortable backs, and the addition of small cushions makes them a very easy seat; the desks have receptacles for books, slates, &c.

## BIRTHDAYS.

THE Germans have for the last fifty years had a standing theme for logical discussion, and great have been the feuds it has given rise to among the professors and the savants. It is this, ought a child to be spoken of as in his second birthday, and consequently be reckoned as a two-years old child, or ought he to be considered and called a one-year-old child on the first occurring date after that on which he was born? The Emperor's birthday gave rise to another dispute on this subject. Some of the German papers spoke of it as his first birthday, though the Emperor was born in 1797, arguing that the day of his birth was his first birthday, and that when a year old he had his second birthday.

The "Cologne Gazette" very properly protests against this affectation, insisting that geberst, like the English birthday and the French jour de naissance, means the anniversary of a birth. It bids the innovators be content with the language of their grandfathers and grandmothers, and it might have reminded them that such purisms would involve the disuse of the word in its present sense.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PEDIGREE.

It was asserted that the "Times" was wrong in describing the Prince of Wales as a direct descendant of Alfred the Great, and that he could only trace back to William the Conqueror. The "Times" was right, and this is the royal "tree."

Alfred, Edward, Edmund, Edgar, Ethelred, Edmund Ironside, Edward the Outlaw, Margaret, Queen of Scotland, Matilda, Queen of England, Empress Maude, Henry II., John, Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., John of Gaunt, John, Earl of Somerset, John, Duke of Somerset, Margaret, married Edmund Tudor, Henry VII., Margaret, Queen of Scotland, James V., King of Scotland, Mary, Queen of Scots, James I., King of England, Elizabeth, Titular Queen of Bohemia, Sophia, married Elector of Hanover, George I., George II., George III., Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria, Prince of Wales.

## SCIENCE.

### THE SARTORIUS TORPEDO RAM.

ALTHOUGH the Navy Estimates afford no information with reference to the length, beam, displacement, or horse-power of the formidable torpedo-ram, the keel of which is to be laid at Portsmouth during the ensuing financial year, it is not difficult to surmise what the general principles of the structure will be. More than this cannot be ascertained at the present time for the good and sufficient reason that the details are in a state of incubation, and that little more is decided upon than the rough model which Admiral Sir George Sartorius has been perfecting for a long series of years. We may, however, state that the monster will be of medium size, narrow as compared with its length, in order that a maximum speed may be realised, and that its tapering bow and stern will each be armed with snouts for ramming purposes.

Although it will only draw about 14ft. of water it will be deeply immersed. In midship section it will be oval, tapering at the centre downwards to a point, so that it will have somewhat the appearance of a peg top. The deck, or, rather, the portion of the structure which will be seen above the water, will

be bluntly cylindrical, but sufficiently convex to deflect an enemy's projectiles. This feature in its construction will dispense with the necessity of its being heavily armoured. We believe three inches will be the thickness of the plating, which will, however, extend in an unbroken arc from below the water line and over the weather deck, and thus afford a perfect protection to the vitals of the vessel. The sides below water will consist of iron skin only, but the space from the bilge to the keel will be filled with cement and concrete.

The armour will probably consist of steel plates, the construction of which is now engaging the attention of the dockyard authorities. The new arm will carry no guns of any kind. Indeed, the whole of her offensive apparatus will be below the water-level. The bow and quarters of the ship will be provided with torpedo gear upon the same principle as that of the Glatton, the former being so arranged that a slight sheer out of line will enable her to discharge her torpedoes at an enemy previous to ramming him. In addition to this she will carry a couple of torpedo tubes amidships.

The Whitehead projectiles with which she will be armed will be of an improved type, the speed of which will so far transcend that of the engine described by Lord Charles Berensford that twenty-four knots an hour are expected to be realised. The vessel will be designed to combine speed and invulnerability, combined with great offensive power and smallness of target.

A SUBTERRANEAN telegraph cable, 400 miles long, has just been laid down between Berlin, Frankfurt, Mayence, and Cassel, the longest thing of the kind in existence. The new line will be absolutely safe from the disturbing influences to which open-air telegraphs are exposed.

IRON PAVING.—By the permission of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London, a portion of the new wood paving in Beech Street has been charged with iron (three cwt. to the square yard), by way of experiment, to increase the durability of wood, and preserve and protect it from heavy, racking traffic, and to test the practicability of securing small blocks of iron without framework, and so as to deaden the noise and counteract the other disadvantages of metal as hitherto applied. The ordinary wood-paving blocks are bevelled by machinery on the upper and lower edges, and between each row is laid a row of cast-iron blocks of double-wedged section, thicker at the upper and lower surfaces than in the centre, so as to fit mechanically between the bevelled wood blocks which on section are thicker in the centre than at the upper and lower surfaces. The iron blocks weigh 16 lb. each, are rounded and serrated on surface for foot-olts, and perforated for crowding material, and are bedded in sand on the ordinary concrete bed. The designer and patentee (Mr. Dennison, architect) states that the cost, though heavy at first, will not in the long run exceed either granite, wood, or asphalt.

## A FATAL MISTAKE.

### CHAPTER XV.

THE party from Carmora made an early start that they might be in time to meet their friends before the duties of the day commenced.

The church stood in a stately grove, and was itself worthy of the man who planned it—Washington himself.

It was built of imported brick, with arched windows, and two pillared entrances in front, and looked substantial enough to defy the ravages of time if any attention was paid to keeping it in repair.

The scene in front of this building was animated as that at a fair. Every family in Truro parish was represented; and bright eyes gleamed, jewels flashed, and silks rustled, as fair women and brave men moved over the soft turf toward the door of the sanctuary.

One expected arrival, however, detained many on the outside. The carriage from Mount Vernon at last drew up in front of the door.

It was like that of Mr. Carr, except that the armorial bearings of the family were emblazoned on its panels—a crest on a ducal coronet, claimed from William De Hepburn, a Norman baron, who was lord of Washington in the thirteenth century.

A bevy of young men rushed up to assist two ladies to alight, one a gracious-looking dame with smiling

face and sweet expression; the other young, fair, and attractive, though by no means so beautiful as her mother even in the decline of life.

With that charming courtesy of manner which was even more than loveliness of person, both bowed and smiled, uttering a few gracious words to those nearest them, and then paused for the appearance of the head of the house, who had been detained a few moments by the greeting of old friends.

Then came upon the scene the hero not only of that day but of all time. The man among men who not only ruled others by his magnetic power, but knew how to rule his own spirit for the good of his country to which he had dedicated his noble life.

The Mount Vernon party had scarcely taken their seats when the voluntary sounded from the organ gallery, the door of the vestry opened, and a minister, a man of commanding presence and great beauty of person, entered in his white flowing robes and knelt until the music ceased.

Then rising, his fine voice rolled out the grand words:

"The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him."

The sermon which followed the service was a fine specimen of oratory, but on this occasion it was more like a fourth of July address than a call to the higher life needed to attain that perfect peace which "passeth all understanding."

The church was crowded, and Bettina looked around apprehensively, fearing that a face she dreaded to see might rise before her. But Gerald Denham was not visible.

He was then on his way to the church, anticipating with fiendish glee the consternation he intended to cause among the friends and relatives of the family from Carmora.

He had laid his plans reckless of consequences, actuated now only by motives of revenge against those who had refused to receive him on any terms, and he gloated over the idea that he was about to inflict supreme wretchedness on the proud old man who so utterly despised him, and on the wife who so pathetically implored to be released from him, who had even dared to send her champion to compel him to give her up.

That deadly offence merited punishment, and she should have it in full measure; publicly, scandalously, so as to humble her pride to the dust, and make her glad to escape from the country even as the companion of his voyage to his native land.

That morning, at an early hour, he had called on the Reverend Mr. Manly, who, he knew, entertained stringent ideas of marital authority, and the submission due from a wife to a husband.

Denham had given him his own version of the story, and the indignation of the priest was aroused at the conduct of both father and daughter as it was represented to him.

He was a man who had neither fear nor hesitation in pursuing what he believed to be the plain path of duty, and he rather liked the idea of bringing Carr of Carmora to his marrow-bones as he mentally expressed it, for he was one of the most unmanageable of his vestrymen, and had been mainly instrumental in lowering his salary since the war began.

Denham, followed closely by his man, Stetson, came to a point in the road which diverged from the one he had hitherto pursued, where he drew up and spoke to the man.

"That is your way, Dick. Hasten to the cottage and gain possession of the child, while I go on to Pohick and strike a decisive blow to compel my wife to confess her marriage, and consider herself bound by the vows she has spoken."

Mrs. Withers will be at church, of course, and it will be an easy matter to carry off the infant. Take her to the woman I have engaged, your passage will sail to-morrow night, and you and your companion must be on board before ten o'clock.

"If my lady wife refuses to follow her child, I shall join you in time to sail with you. She shall never see the little one again unless she listens to reason; that is my firm resolve."

The man listened attentively, and then touching his hat respectfully, said:

"I believe I understand the programme you have so often explained to me, sir, and I am sure I can carry it out to your satisfaction. I hope Miss Betty will come with you, and then all will be well."

"It shall certainly not be well with her unless she does come," said the master, viciously. "Go on, now, and lose no time, for you must be far on your way before Mrs. Withers can get back to look after the safety of the child."

Stetson nodded, and rode off upon the cross-road, and Denham put spurs to his horse and galloped in the direction of the church.

The pealing organ notes, mingled with the singing, came from the building as he dismounted, and Denham knew that he was just in time for the strange finale he was about to add to that memorable service.

He waited till the last note died away; then doffing his hat he entered, and walked up the aisle till he reached the altar, and stood there facing the rector, who had left the pulpit, and was now standing near the rails, sternly ready to perform the duty which he thought devolved on him.

The whole congregation turned expectantly, wondering what was to be done, as no notice had been read out before the hymn was sung.

Suddenly the clear, bell-like voice of the pastor's voice arose, and at his first words Bettina, with a gasp, sank back fainting on her seat.

"I am here for the purpose of uniting in the bonds of marriage Gerald Denham, of Denham Hall, Sussex County, England, to Bettina Carr, of Carmora, situated in Truro parish; and I call upon her father to bring forward the bride."

There was an almost imperceptible pause, and every face was turned in the direction of Mr. Carr's pew to see there a fainting girl, an old man upheld by a young and strong one, who seemed to be distraught by the extraordinary announcement he had just heard.

The vibrant voice went on:

"It is two years since a marriage between the parties named took place, but they have never lived openly together, for what reason they can best explain. The first marriage was only a civil contract made before a magistrate, and Captain Denham, as a good son of holy mother church, wishes to have its blessing on his union with the wife of his choice, even at this late hour. Will the bride come forward with her friends that this duty may be performed?"

A tall, white-haired figure arose suddenly, and raising his hand high above his head, cried out in hoarse tones:

"This is the house of the Lord, and its pastor has lent himself to a falsehood to help on the base designs of a wretch, whose only aim is to ruin my daughter. How dared anyone offer this burning insult to her and to myself, here, in the face of our neighbours and friends? How dare you, I say, priest, Satan rather, summon my child to clasp hands with a villain who is unfit to wipe the dust from her shoes?"

Denham turned, and facing the people with a sardonic expression of triumph on his flushed face, spoke in loud, strident tones:

"Mr. Manly dares to speak the truth, because I have convinced him that Bettina Carr is my wedded wife, and the mother of my child; but for your opposition, old man, she would have gone with me long since; she has kept our marriage secret through fear of you, and only in this way can I compel her to give me the allegiance she owes me. I have given up to her long enough, and I take this public method of asserting the marital authority which she will not now dare to repudiate. I wish the bonds that unite us to have the sanction of the church; therefore I command her to come forward, and in the presence of these people, take me by the hand as her lawful liege lord."

While these words were spoken Mr. Carr's face was awful to behold, and Clayton feared that he would sink down in his arms in a fit. But he was a strong man, who had borne many severe shocks in his life, and he rallied from this one, terrible as it was.

He turned to his daughter to demand if this was true, but she was lying white and limp in the arms of Mrs. Ronald, unable to respond to that look of anguish either by eye or lip.

Raising himself to his utmost height he scornfully replied to Denham's last demand:

"Neither now nor ever shall daughter of mine degrade herself to the level of such as you, Gerald Denham. If her weak heart once tempted her to her own undoing, it has been sorely repented of since, as no one is better aware than you are. If, by this public insult, you hoped to bend either her or me to your will, you have made a great mistake, for I tell you now that, like the Roman father, if I found no other means of saving her from you, I would strike my dagger to her heart, and deserve her blessing for doing so."

The astonishment which had hitherto held the congregation silent here broke bounds, and the church was filled with loud murmurs, mostly condemning the violent means taken by Denham to secure possession of his wife—if, indeed, Bettina was his wife, which many doubted, knowing the reputation of the man, and unwilling to believe that she could have carried on this long deception toward so indulgent a father as hers was known to be.



These men, with fury in their eyes and vengeance in their hearts, made their way toward Denham with the intention of taking him from the house of the Lord, and dealing with him as he deserved when once beyond the sacred sanctuary he had so daringly desecrated.

He saw that he had gone too far—that he had failed to carry the sympathies of the crowd with him—and the dastard fear assailed him that even from the steps of the altar he might be torn to receive punishment for the outrage he had committed.

As the crowd began to close around him he sprang back, cleared the altar rails at a bound, and took refuge in the vestry.

To throw up a window and spring through it to the ground was the work of a moment, and he found himself in the rear of the building, among a crowd of lackeys, who had gathered as near the church as possible to find out what caused the commotion within.

Among these were Pompey and Cæsar, who had been dressed up in livery as outriders to the Carmora carriage, and true to the man who had often given them money, and who always spoke to them with pleasant words, they both sprang forward as he touched the ground, and Pompey, with some glimmering idea of the actual situation, excitedly said:

"Yer horse ain't far away, Marso Gerald. He got loose arter you hitched him, and I brung him round here. You wants him, I s'pose?"

"Yes—yes—show me where he is, quick—quick!"

The starting lackeys parted before the rapid movements of the three, and a way was made for a free passage, for Denham turned towards the tree to which his horse was fastened.

He had laid his hand upon the bridle, and colour was coming back to his face again with the belief that escape was before him, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the voice of Clayton sounded in his ears as the knell of doom.

"I must have a few words with you, Captain Denham, before you are permitted to leave this vicinity."

"I have nothing to say to you, sir—nothing to hear from you—and if you attempt to detain me I will proclaim that which will ruin Betty Carr far more effectually than the truths I have spoken in the church this morning. If you have any regard for her, let me pass."

"It is because I have a brother's regard for Miss Carr that I demand of you such atonement as is now possible from you. Resign such right as you have to her, and tell how you succeeded in making her your wife. Explain what base means were used to stultify her till she had no volition of her own in the matter."

Denham uttered an oath, and exclaimed:

"It is false! She was infatuated with me; she lived with me a month as fond as a cooling dove. Then, like the rest of her fickle sex, she grew tired of me, threw me over, and went back to her father to keep from him that she had disobeyed him, and to carry on a course of deception that is disgraceful to her."

"A course your villany compelled her to pursue; any suffering to herself was preferable to striking at her father such a blow as the knowledge of her marriage with you would have been. You have violated your pledges to me, sir, and I shall call you to a strict account for that, and for the outrage you have committed this day against an old man and a helpless woman."

"And I, in my turn, will proclaim it far and wide that my wife has given her heart to Randolph Clayton, and chooses him as her companion to rid herself of the husband to whom she is faithless. Kill me, as that is evidently your purpose, but my blood shall rise between you for ever, forbidding the union you are both looking forward to. I bare my breast—strike! if you choose, and brand yourself as a cowardly assassin, for the sake of a fair woman's face."

Denham threw open his coat with a theatrical gesture, and struck an attitude, knowing full well that he stood in no danger of violence from the man he addressed.

Clayton coldly said:

"You are well aware that the daughter of my old friend can never be made the cause of bloodshed between you and me. Your wretched life is not demanded; only a statement of the means used to throw Bettina Carr entirely in your power, and a resignation of all authority over her gained by such baseness. That I demand, and that I will have before we part company, sir."

"We are likely to be comrades a long time then," sneered Denham. "I will do neither one nor the other."

"Then, sir, I will take you as my prisoner, and carry you before the tribunal which an officer and a gentleman would dread. General Washington himself shall judge of the punishment due to the man who has violated every law of honour, both in domestic and public life."

"We are man to man; for these darkies will hardly attempt to interfere between us, and I think you will find it rather difficult to make me go with you, unless I choose to do so," sneered Denham.

They were standing under a small group of trees not more than thirty yards from the church, and the negroes, at a commanding gesture from Clayton, had fallen back out of earshot, though devoured by curiosity to know something of what was passing between the two.

Believing that the moment had arrived for a successful attempt to escape, the defiance in Denham's manner increased to a most offensive degree. As he uttered the last words he made an agile spring; his bridle rein was still in his hand, and he confidently expected to gain the saddle and bound away, free as the air he breathed.

But while he traced his adversary a group of gentlemen had skirted the crowd of negroes and advanced in the rear of the two without having their vicinity suspected.

The foremost one carried a long riding whip in his hand, and at the moment Denham attempted to mount his horse he struck a sharp blow upon the flank of the animal, which reared and threw back the vaulting figure to the earth.

He was slightly stunned, but arose in a moment, and glaring around him, his eyes fell upon a calm, severe face which made his own blanch before the contempt and condemnation expressed in it.

"I wish to speak with this man alone, if you please, gentlemen. I have something to say to him which concerns him very nearly."

All fell back respectfully, for it was Washington himself, who had taken time to glance over some papers thrust into his hand by Clayton as he left Mr. Carr's pew in pursuit of Denham, and he had followed him as soon as he could extricate himself from the crowd.

He had been joined on his way by three more gentlemen, all of them friends and connections of the Carr family, each one burning with the desire to avenge the insult offered to their kinsman's daughter in so public a manner.

The two stood face to face.

"Captain Denham," said the deep, ringing tones of the voice which had hitherto only spoken to him in kindness, "I take from you the rank you have hitherto held in the army under my command, and pronounce you unfit to associate with men of honour. You have played the part of spy to both sides, and thus deserve the fate of a traitor from both. You have deceived me as to the position you held toward Mr. Carr's family. When I agreed to plead your cause with my old friend, it was with the belief that his daughter wished for a reconciliation between yourself and her father. You led me to believe that she had voluntarily become your wife, and that she was deeply attached to you. I find all this to be false, that this unfortunate young lady has been made the victim of your treachery, and that she has steadily refused for nearly two years past to hold such communication with you as was not forced upon her; this is the true state of the case."

"You have been prejudiced against me—you have listened to my enemies, and their object is to ruin me," cried Denham, fiercely. "I appeal from your decision; only a court-martial can degrade me from my position in the army, and good proof must be brought forward to sustain the charges against me. As to my wife, the settlement of our affairs is between ourselves, and I deny that she did not love me fondly and truly when she gave herself to me. If she has become alienated from me, that does not give her the right to ignore the tie that binds us together. I have tried to bring her back to her allegiance, and finding her obstinate in her determination to repudiate me, I took such measures as seemed to me right to compel her to acknowledge me as her husband. You have heard my defence, sir, and I appeal to your justice."

"I have listened patiently to you, sir; but I have heard nothing that tends to vindicate you from the charges brought against you as a patriot, or a man of honour. Submit to the court-martial if you prefer it, but the sentence against you, with such proof as has been already placed in my hands, will be death by the rope. Nor should you escape that doom but for the sympathy I have for the unhappy family you have this day attempted to disgrace. There is but one atonement possible for you, sir, and I consider

myself lenient in allowing you the chance to make it."

"And that atonement?" asked Denham, with all his insolent defiance crushed out of him by the cutting contempt of the voice which so calmly addressed him. "What is it? How is it to be made?"

"It is this, sir: to surrender all claims on the wife who refuses to live with you, and leave this country within forty-eight hours. Accede to these terms without demur and you shall have the chance of escape from vengeance of those who came hither with me to seize you, and make an example of you by the punishment due to treachery such as yours. Refuse this offer and I leave you at once to be dealt with by them as they may see fit."

All the craven in the soul of Denham was by this time aroused, and his wild eyes wandered to the fierce faces of the group which stood within twenty paces of him, ready, as soon as the colloquy was over, to spring forward and make him their prisoner.

He noisily said:

"I meant to leave the country in less time than you name. As to my wife, without her father's fortune she is nothing to me. I will go, but how am I to get away?"

"There is your horse, spring upon him and away."

Washington walked off in the direction of the gentlemen who were awaiting the end of the interview, and they respectfully waited till he made a few steps forward.

Denham availed himself of that moment to spring on his horse and dash forward, but he did not escape scatheless.

As he passed each one gave him a cut from his long whip lash, and every one told, for the horse became frightened, and was, for a brief space, unmanageable.

They might have stopped him, but a few words from Washington withheld their hands. The words were:

"For her sake, let him go;" and they allowed him to pass.

(To be Continued.)

## THE EARLIEST LONDON BANKERS.

A PAPER entitled Notes on the Early Goldsmiths of London to the Close of the Seventeenth Century was lately read by Mr. F. G. Hilton Price.

Others had ascribed the first introduction of banking to the Jewish settlers from the East, but he thought it was of even earlier date, and might have been due to the Romans, who, it is clear from Cicero and other authors, drew bills on each other. But, whether this was the case or not, at all events, soon after the Conquest the Jews appear on the scene as the introducers of bills of exchange.

Passing on to the reign of Henry I., we find one Leofstone, Provost of London, and a little later Fitz Aylwin, and two, if not three, generations of the Ottos or Othos acting as goldsmiths and bankers in a certain sense, and making dies for the Royal and Episcopal Mints. Again, in the reign of Henry III., we come across one Thomas Frowick, Alderman of the Ward of Cheap and Ward of the Goldsmiths' Company, lending moneys and making a crown of gold for the Queen Consort of King Edward.

After the expulsion of the Jews from England the Lombards succeeded to their business, and, settling in the heart of the city, gave their name to Lombard Street, where, says Stow, "they assembled twice every day," pointing evidently to money negotiations. Other goldsmiths, in the next two centuries, are recorded by Stow; but we know little about them except their names and the fact that the shop of one William Walworth, Sheriff of London, was at the corner of Friday-street, in the Cheap, and that Matthew Shore, husband of the notorious Jane Shore, kept shop at the Grasshopper, in Lombard Street.

The craft grew more important under the Stuarts, and the Goldsmiths' Company reckoned among its members several names of eminence, most of whom appear to have lived in or about the "Chepe," the trade not settling extensively in Lombard Street till after the Great Fire of London. Under Henry VIII. we have Sir Richard Gresham, the "King's Exchanger," and his son, Sir Thomas Gresham, who was the founder of the Royal Exchange and also of Gresham College. At his death the bulk of his wealth was found to consist of gold chains. In the reign of Elizabeth one of the craft, named Wheeler, moved Westwards as far as Fleet Street. Here he established himself as a "Goldsmith keeping running cashes," at the sign of the "Marygold," and became

virtually the founder of the bank now known as Messrs. Childs.

Under the Tudors the goldsmiths appear to have kept their superfluous wealth in the Tower of London; but they found the Stuart kings had custodians of their gold, as Royalty had a happy art of appropriating it for its own purposes. Thenceforth they began to keep it in their own strong rooms, which the country gentlemen found to be useful places for depositing their rents, &c., receiving receipts or cash-notes for the same, and drawing draughts upon the goldsmiths, payable on demand. Out of such beginning naturally grew up the modern system of banking, the goldsmiths acting also occasionally as pawnbrokers, advancing money on the plate and other valuables deposited with them for safety.

#### CHINESE MAXIMS.

Do not write at random against the doors and walls.

Pay due respect to the relations subsisting among men.

Kindness is the principal duty of a father.

Respect is the principal duty between a prince and his minister.

Brothers should mutually love.

A friend should speak the truth.

Sit in a retired place and call home the heart.

Be sparing of wine and pleasure and purify the heart.

Be diligent in business, and attentive to your work.

Establish a good manner.

Let your intentions be exalted, but your manners humble.

Be bold yet careful.

Rescue men from present errors, and follow the ancients.

Reject the depraved, and revert to the upright.

Venerate the three things which the sages venerate.

1. Venerate Heaven's decrees.

2. Venerate magistrates.

3. Venerate the sayings of the sages: Be careful not to regard everything that is said.

#### PERILOUS CARGOES.

Thus possible dangers with which a sea voyage is surrounded are very numerous, and the wonder is, not that so many ships are lost, but that so few fail to reach their destination safely. Even if the vessel herself is sound and fully manned, the crew are too often disorganised by the effects of drink during the first and most risky part of the passage, that is to say, in the narrow and stormy seas near home, where a bright lookout is constantly needed to avoid collisions.

In a crowded emigrant ship there is the peril of an outbreak of infectious disease, and the peril that, in case the vessel has to be abandoned, the boats will be insufficient to carry away the passengers and crew. In a vessel which is not officially regarded as an emigrant ship, and where the passengers are comparatively few in number, there is the peril that the cargo may be of an exceptionally dangerous character.

The case of the "Groat Queensland" comes under this latter description. This vessel, which had been pronounced by the proper authorities to be seaworthy, sailed from London for Melbourne early in August last with about thirty souls on board, and with thirty-three tons of gunpowder and two tons of patent wood gunpowder on board. She was last seen at the mouth of the British Channel after she sailed, and nothing has since been heard of her, save that a few fragments of wreck, clearly identified as belonging to her, have been picked up.

As no storm appears to have crossed her path, there seems every reason to believe that her destruction was caused by the explosion of her cargo. We will venture on no dogmatic assertions, but the evidence of skilled witnesses tends to show that this wood gunpowder is a highly dangerous commodity under certain conditions, and, as the weather was exceptionally hot at the time, it seems probable that the presumed disaster was owing to spontaneous combustion.

It is to be hoped that this tragedy, which is the more appalling from the mystery in which it is likely to be forever surrounded, will lead to increased vigilance in the stowage of explosive substances, and in a careful examination, before shipment is permitted, of such substances as possess, in the smallest degree, the property of self-ignition.

## GLORIA;

OR,

### MARRIED IN RAGE.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

MISS AGRIPPINA did not at all like to turn the conversation had taken.

"You shall not say such shocking things to me, Gloria. I did not ask you for any such pledge as that. You shall not talk so sinfully—in Lent too!" exclaimed Miss De Crespigny, in righteous indignation.

"I only called acts and promised acts by their right names, auntie. However, as I said, I will not dispute with you. I give you the promises you require of me, for one year—no longer. After that—"

"After that I shall not be afraid of your making an idiot of yourself, Gloria. Under my chaperonage, you must enter society as the Countess De la Vera—that is your inherited title as well as your hereditary name. No marriage can deprive you of your title, as it would of your family name. You will be known—not as Miss De la Vera, nor as Mrs. Lindsay—bah! but as the Countess De la Vera. Your birth, your beauty, your wealth, your title, will give you the passport into the best circles—only the low-born young husband must be utterly ignored. Do you consent to this plan, Countess Maria Gloria De la Vera?"

"I consent to all. I consent to everything. I pledge myself to enter upon 'all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world' that I once renounced in baptism. And I renounce all the duties and obligations to which I pledged myself in marriage!" said Gloria, solemnly.

"Hold your profane tongue, girl! I will not listen to such wicked words. In Lent, too!"

"I beg your pardon, auntie. But really, after all, I was only calling things by their right names. However, I do promise to do your will for the next twelve months, and after that—"

"You will have gained experience in society, and you will be a woman of the world!"

"Oh, Aunt Agrippina, how you shock me!" said Gloria, demurely, drawing down the corners of her mouth, "to talk of my becoming a woman of the world! In Lent, too!"

"I meant—I didn't mean—" began the old lady, confused by being in some sense caught by her own words. "I meant—a woman—I didn't mean a woman of the wicked world, but a woman of the cultivated world!"

"Oh, I understand! A country woman among the tillers of the soil!"

"Gloria, you are an incorrigible torment!"

"Sorry to hear it, dear auntie; but tell me, now, how is poor Marcel?"

"Do you care to hear about him at all?"

"You know I do. I always loved him, and now that I am safe from his insanities, no longer fear him, and therefore no longer hate him: I love him as of old. Poor Marcel!"

"Well, my dear, your fight nearly killed him, and would have served him right if it had quite done so. He followed you to Liverpool in great excitement, and, when he found that you were gone, he fell into a brain fever. Of course, he had come to our hotel in the first instance, and was taken ill there, and nursed through his illness by his mother and myself. They are all going to France together in May. I should have gone with them, but your letter, and consequently my duty, brought me here."

"Dear auntie, to take so much trouble for me!"

"If you will only be guided by my counsel, the trouble will be a pleasure, Gloria. To begin with, where do you propose to go first?"

"I thought of going to La Compté's Landing," said Gloria, hesitatingly.

"Fiddle! That place is half as bad as Gryphynhold. No, my dear. Let us go to Scarborough and remain until the middle of May. Then we will go to France for the summer and early autumn, and to Liverpool for the winter. At all these places I expect you to be reigning belle, ma compessee."

"It was in Liverpool I was married, you know," whispered Gloria.

"That does not matter. No one but the priest, the sacristans, and the three old women in humble life were present at the marriage. The priest and sacristans never gossip of such events, and the old women could not have known who you really were. You were probably addressed by your first name, Maria, when the questions of the ritual were put to you?"

"Yes," answered Gloria; "but will it not be a

social deception to conceal the fact of my being a married woman?" uneasily inquired Gloria.

"We shall not conceal your marriage, nor proclaim it; we shall simply say nothing about it. That ceremony in old St. Matthew's Church and the peasant bridegroom to whom you pledged yourself must be alike ignored. Of course, you must keep your marriage vow so far as never thinking of another marriage, or permitting even the most distant advances of another suitor for your hand."

"Of course, all sense of right would prevent me from doing that."

"And now let us settle when we shall go from this barbarous neighbourhood."

"To-morrow, if you like," said Gloria.

"Then to-morrow let it be. We must get our places booked in the stage-coach that passes through here in the morning, I believe," said Miss De Crespigny.

Gloria corroborated her statement, and then the friends separated for the time, Miss De Crespigny going to the room that had been prepared for her, and Gloria going to seek Mrs. Brent and Philippa Cummings, for the purpose of persuading the latter, with her aunt's approbation, to accompany her.

The next morning Gloria De la Vera, attended by Miss De Crespigny and Philippa Cummings, set out in the stage-coach.

Dame Lindsay sat where we left her, in the large arm-chair before the great, open wood-fire in the broad old chimney-place of the oak parlour at Woodlands.

David Lindsay walked up and down the floor with slow and silent footsteps.

The clock was on the stroke of midnight when the door noiselessly opened, and a tall, thin, gray-haired, venerable-looking man entered the room.

He was clothed in a long, narrow, black frock-coat, buttoned closely up to his chin; a narrow white band around his neck; and on his head a small black skull-cap, from beneath which his scant white hair hung like a silver fringe.

He was Father Moriarty, one of the priests of St. Inigoes.

David Lindsay paused in his walk and turned about, while the old lady arose to receive the father.

He silently nodded to the young man, kindly took the hand of the old woman and signed for her to resume her seat.

"Oh, Father Moriarty, who is really that stranger dying upstairs?" breathlessly inquired Dame Lindsay, who, confused by the strangeness of all that had happened, almost doubted the evidence of her own memory and understanding.

"The dying stranger is really Dyvyd Gryphyn, whose body was so long supposed to have been buried in the graveyard at Gryphynhold," replied the priest.

"Dyvyd Gryphyn! Heaven of heavens!" exclaimed the old woman, clasping her hands together, as she dropped into a seat.

David Lindsay drew forward another arm-chair for the father, and with a courteous gesture invited him to take it.

The priest nodded and seated himself.

David Lindsay, with all his childhood's reverence for the aged clergy, remained standing, with his hand lightly resting upon the back of his grandmother's chair.

"And how could such a mistake have been made in Dyvyd Gryphyn's own neighbourhood, as to have had another man's body supposed to be his, and buried in his own family burial ground, as such?" solemnly inquired Dame Lindsay.

"The explanation is a long one. I will give it to you in due order," replied Father Moriarty.

David Lindsay, standing there, took no part in the conversation, yet lost no word of the priest's discourse.

"And does that wretched man now really wish to see me?"

"Yes: the only wish he has expressed was to see you. You were sent for at his request."

"Well, I have come in answer to his call. I am ready to wait on him at once."

"He is sleeping now, for the first time since his arrival, and he must not be disturbed. The doctor says that to awaken him now might prove fatal. But the doctor is sitting by his bedside, and will let us know the moment he awakes," said Father Moriarty.

"And is the man really dying?" inquired the old woman.

"He is really dying; but he has a constitution of the most wonderful strength, sustained, too, by a will of almost miraculous power. In all my long experience I have never seen such a man! Why, he was dying, really dying, when he rode up to this house on horseback about three or four hours ago?"

"Heavens, Father Moriarty!"



"Yes, he was. I was here at the time, giving the last consolations of the church to one of the old women who was near her end, when I saw from the cabin door a large black horse walk into the yard, ridden by a powerful giant of a man, who seemed to me to be intoxicated from the manner in which he rode; but the hour was late, and the sky was so dark that I could not see distinctly who he was. I supposed him to be some friend of General Stuart who had been out dining and taking too much wine, and as I had just got through with my duties to my penitent, and was afraid that the reeling giant would fall from his horse, I ran across the yard and took hold of the trailing bridle.

"At the same moment of seeing me the stranger seemed to rally all his strength of mind and body for what must have been to him a great effort, and alighted from his horse and stood up, but swaying from side to side like a tall pillar about to fall. I drew his arm over my shoulder to steady him, and called a man—the husband of the sick woman in the cabin—to come to the other side. And so between us we took the giant into the house. But, my child, when we had seated him in the deep arm-chair, nearly under the light of the hall lamp, I knew him to be Dyvyd Gryphyn, of Gryphynhold, at the same moment that he recognised me. And then, to my horror, I discovered his condition. I saw that he was not intoxicated, but dying.

"Gracious Heavens, how dreadful!" "It seems he had reached La Comptie's Landing by the steamboat a few hours previously, and had hired the house to bring him here, and had ridden all the intervening distance in this dying condition."

"Oh, Father Moriarty!" "His hands and feet were already congested, his pulse could not be counted, his breath was coming in short gasps, and his eyes were flaming over, as he sat back in that chair."

"Oh, how horrible!" moaned the dame, while David Lindsay covered his brows with his hand and groaned inwardly.

"And what should you think, my children, the wretched man would first have said to me on regaining his breath again, after dropping into his chair?"

"Ah, how can we tell, unless it was to ask you to pay for him," said Dame Lindsay, with a sigh.

"No. He gasped forth the words, 'I am dying, priest—get me to bed. It has been said, no Gryphyn of Gryphynhold ever yet died in his bed. I am determined to die in mine. Get me there. I will not consent to die till I get there and give the lie to all croakers,' and he broke into a low, feeble, gurgling laugh, that almost killed him, for again his eyes flamed over, his head sunk back, and his breath came in quick, spasmodic gasps."

"May the Lord forgive him," sighed good Dame Lindsay, clasping her hands and raising her eyes to Heaven.

"Amen!"

"And then you got him to bed, Father Moriarty?"

"Yes, I called assistance and we got him upstairs to a spare room and put him to bed, fearing all the time that he would breathe his last under our hands. Yet, when he was once laid on the bed, and we saw that he still lived, though breathing with difficulty, I thought to send for the nearest physician, but was told that the doctor who had been in attendance on the sick servant had not yet left the house, and was then taking a parting glass of wine with the general in this parlour."

"That was providential."

"Yes. I sent down to both gentlemen to tell them what had happened, and of the liberty I had been suddenly compelled to take with one of the general's spare bedrooms."

"Aye, and then?"

"Both gentlemen were promptly at the bedside of Dyvyd Gryphyn, whom General Stuart immediately recognised, even after a twenty years' absence."

"Twenty-three years, father, from the time he first came to this neighbourhood; but Dyvyd Gryphyn's features were such that, once seen, they could never be forgotten."

"No, for their peculiar characteristics would have outlasted all the changes of age. General Stuart recognised him as I had done. The doctor gave him a stimulant that so revived him as to enable him to reply to the kind and hospitable words of his host. But the doctor afterwards took us aside and formally announced to us that which we knew at sight—that the man was dying. General Stuart left the room to send for his housekeeper. And when he had gone Dyvyd Gryphyn, acting no doubt under the influence of the powerful stimulant he had taken, shook us all by suddenly rising up out of his bed and stalking

across the floor to a large, cushioned easy-chair, and rapped into it. We hurried to his side, and we thought he was gone, for his head had fallen upon his chest and his eyes had glazed."

"Oh-h-h! this is dreadful to hear!" murmured the good old dame to herself.

"But we found he was still breathing, though in low, quick gasps. The doctor administered another and much stronger stimulant, which again revived him. He lifted his head, fixed his changing eyes defiantly upon me, and gasped forth the words:

"Priest—I have changed my mind—I will not go back on the traditions of my race—I will not die in a bed—none of them have done so—let other men and women and children die in their beds—but I, a Gryphyn of Gryphynhold, will die head erect, and eyes looking straight before me! Then turning to the doctor, he said:

"You know that I know I am going fast—and that you cannot deceive me with any false hopes of living—so much as a week—but you can tell me whether I have time—to send for a woman—I must see Mrs. Lindsay—Sandy Isle."

"The doctor assured him that there would be time, and I myself went down and asked General Stuart to despatch a man and boat to bring you over. I was very glad to be told that your grandson, David Lindsay, had come with you—though he cannot know as yet, I suppose, how important his presence is."

"Yes," said Dame Lindsay, "he knows all."

A low rap sounded on the door.

"Come in," said the priest.

A man-servant entered the room; bowed and said: "If you please, sir, the doctor says Mr. Gryphyn is awake and wants to see Mistress Lindsay."

"Go and say we will come immediately," replied Father Moriarty.

"Come, dame, we have no time to lose. Come at once," said the priest, rising.

Dame Lindsay arose to follow him, trembling.

"You, a so, my son, must come with us," continued Father Moriarty, addressing the young man.

David Lindsay arose in instinctive obedience to the command of one whom he had always venerated, but even then he stood for a moment hesitating, while a short but violent struggle took place between his strong sense of duty on one hand, and a deep feeling of repulsion from the remorseless monster who had cruelly abused his helpless young mother and turned her out of doors at midnight to perish in the winter storm. That she had not died of exposure was due to no relenting of the brute's ruthless purpose.

David Lindsay hesitated, but finally the sense of duty conquered, and he followed the priest and the dame upstairs.

They entered a large front chamber, upholstered in dingy crimson moire, warmed by a great open fire of hickory logs; and lighted by a pair of tall tallow candles in old silver candlesticks upon the high chimney-shelf.

One notable object in the room would instantly have attracted the notice of any visitor on first entering it.

This was the tall, gaunt, dark figure of a man of almost gigantic proportions, wrapped in a long, flowered cashmere dressing-gown, and reclining back in a high, crimson cushioned invalid chair. Long black hair and beard, untimmed, hung down in elf locks upon his shoulders and breast, and brought out in strange relief the haggard, bloodless face, in whose high features the Roman type was still strongly marked. His head and shoulders had fallen helplessly back, and his head lay listlessly on the cushioned arms of the chair. He was breathing in quick, short gasps. Even a child might have known that he was dying.

"Mr. Gryphyn, here is Mrs. Lindsay, whom you wished to see," said the priest, leading the old dame up to the invalid's chair.

"Ah—nearer!" gasped Dyvyd Gryphyn, attempting to turn his head, but failing and falling back.

Dame Lindsay stood immediately in front of him, as close as she could get.

He made several ineffectual efforts to lift his head or nod his head for something that he wanted. He failed because he had no longer any strength to move.

The doctor administered a powerful stimulant that gave him momentary and fictitious strength.

Then he lifted his hand, pointed to where his coat hung, and let the hand drop heavily again.

The man-servant who was in the room brought forward the coat and held it up before its owner. But Gryphyn's mind seemed to wander and forget why he had wanted it.

"It must be something in the pockets. Search the pockets," said the priest.

The servant obeyed and drew forth a bundle of papers tied with red tape.

Dyvyd Gryphyn smiled grimly as he recognised them, and recovered his memory. He turned his fading eyes on Dame Lindsay, and panted:

"Take them."

The servant handed the papers over to Dame Lindsay, who took possession of them, and looked anxiously for an explanation.

With a supreme effort the dying giant rallied all his strength, and said:

"They will secure—your grandson—in his rights. Brandy, doctor—I must speak."

The doctor poured out half a goblet full of cogniac, and held it to the patient's lips, who first swallowed with difficulty, but afterward with more ease as the stimulant took effect.

When he had drank the whole he breathed a little more freely, and muttered:

"New life!" and went on with his discourse:

"These will secure your grandson his rights—not that I care for him; but only that he may oust the interlopers from the home of my forefathers. He is my only son—my heir-at-law—and the estate is strictly entailed. He is secured, doubly, trebly secured in his rights—"

Here Dyvyd Gryphyn paused for a minute, and Father Moriarty seeing now his best opportunity, said:

"Your son is here, Mr. Gryphyn, waiting your permission to approach you."

"Let him come. Let's have a look at him," said the strange father, with a grim smile.

Father Moriarty beckoned David to draw near.

The young man came, and as Dame Lindsay gave way, he stood in her place before his father's chair.

"Some one—bring a light—and hold it to his face. I want to see him—and my sight is going," said Gryphyn.

"I am very sorry to see you suffering in this way, sir," said David Lindsay, now speaking sincerely, for he felt grave pity for this dying colossus, struggling so desperately with death.

"You speak falsely, you dog! In the first place, I am not suffering. In the second, you don't care whether I suffer or not! Bring that light, some one! Let us take a look at young filial piety!"

After this explosion he sank back, and panted for some minutes before speaking again.

Meanwhile the servant had taken one of the candles from the mantel-shelf, and held it close under the face of David Lindsay, saying:

"Excuse me, sir. It is the old master's orders."

Recovering somewhat of his fitful sight and breath, Dyvyd Gryphyn gazed upon the form and features of the noble young man, rather as if he had been a criminal brought up before him for identification than as a son for recognition.

"Not a curve or line of me in his figure or face! No, nor in heart or mind either, I'll go bail! I don't really know whether he is my son or not. And (with a shocking oath) I don't care! So that he bears my name and ousts the interlopers who dared to purchase my father's house, in the absence of his son!"

"Mr. Gryphyn," said Father Moriarty, approaching him, "I attended your late wife on her death-bed, received her last confession, and administered to her the last consolations of religion. I have known this young man from his infancy up to the present time. I know him to be your son, and a good and gracious, pure and noble youth. Will you not speak kindly to him? Have you no good words for him?"

"No! I am no saint, Mr. Moriarty; but"—with a frightful imprecation upon his own soul—"neither am I a hypocrite! I don't pretend to any interest that I don't feel. I don't care a fig for that fellow, except as the tool of my vengeance. I want to secure his rights, so that he may oust those interlopers. I hope it will ruin them. I hope they have got nothing to fall back upon after Gryphynhold. So that he ousts them and brings them to beggary, he may afterward go and get himself hanged, for aught I care."

This effort cost the speaker so much of his poor strength that at its end his head suddenly fell upon his chest, and his whole form sank forward, as if it would have dropped from his chair.

The priest and David Lindsay raised him and replaced him, leaning backward.

"Lift him and lay him on his bed," whispered the doctor.

The priest and the son did as they were required. And Dyvyd Gryphyn lay stretched on his back, no longer able to speak or move, but passively gasping away his life.

This bedstead stood at the farther end of the room, with its head against the wall, and its foot opposite the south front windows.



[STRANGE INTELLIGENCE.]

On the right-hand side stood David Lindsay and the priest.

On the left side stood Dame Lindsay and the doctor.

All eyes were fixed upon the face of the dying man, who seemed to have lost all consciousness of their presence.

Suddenly a change came over the countenance of David Lindsay. His eyes were attracted to the open space midway between the bed and the ceiling above it.

Surprise, amazement, awe, and something between a holy fear and joy came over his face. For a few moments, while he kept his eyes fixed upon that open space in solemn wonder, his breath seemed suspended, and his lips moved as with inward speech.

His companions had scarcely time to notice this phenomenon before it changed in aspect.

David Lindsay's face cleared and calmed. He bowed his head reverently, as if in assent to something. Then he turned his face towards his father.

A look of fear and horror had come over the countenance of the fast-going man.

David Lindsay stooped near him, and in sweet and solemn accents murmured:

"Father, can you hear me?"

Some slight softening of the horrid rigidity of that iron-bound countenance seemed to show that he did hear.

"Father, I am impressed by my mother to speak her forgiveness to you. In the name of my mother I do forgive you. And we will both pray the Lord to forgive, redeem, and save you at the last."

"Amen!" breathed all present.

The sternly, grimly horrible face softened yet more. Was it only the relaxation of nerve and muscle in sinking into the last sleep, or was it that the haughty, scornful spirit had been touched and humbled at the last, and had accepted the forgiveness it had been too arrogant to ask? Who could tell? Not David Gryphyn himself, for he never spoke or breathed again.

The whole party stood for a few moments around the bed in solemn silence.

Then the doctor drew the sheet up over the dead face, and signed for every one to follow him from the room, which he locked up, giving the key to the man-servant to take to his master.

Day was now dawning, and Dame Lindsay proposed to return home at once; but Father Moriarty

represented that it would be better that she should remain at Woodlands for the present, as he wished to examine with her the important papers left in her charge by the late David Gryphyn.

Then Mrs. Gray, the housekeeper at Woodlands, who had been on the watch for the reappearance of the old dame, came up to her and cordially invited her to a bed-room, where she could lie down and get two or three hours' sleep before breakfast.

The old dame was seventy-two years old, and of course not so well able to bear loss of rest as at the earlier period of her life, when the rigidity of her age had been reversed and she was twenty-seven.

She followed the housekeeper to a comfortable back chamber, where there was a good fire and a soft bed.

Then she loosened her clothes and lay down, and soon fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile the doctor, after an early cup of coffee, set out for his home at St. Inigoes, promising to send the undertaker back to Woodlands.

David Lindsay borrowed the row-boat and set out for Sandy Isle to attend to the live stock there, but promised to return by the time his grandmother should be up.

Dame Lindsay slept three hours, and waking up, felt scandalised to perceive by the little wooden timepiece on the shelf that it was ten o'clock.

However, she washed her face in the tin basin in the little corner wash-stand, and felt much refreshed.

Then she smoothed her dress, put on her cap, tightened her dress, and went downstairs to look for Father Moriarty and David Lindsay.

But the first person she found was the hospitable housekeeper, who told her that everybody had done breakfast, but coffee and hot muffins and broiled chickens would be ready for Mrs. Lindsay in a few minutes, and so she carried the old woman off to the dining-room, and made her comfortable.

After her breakfast Dame Lindsay went and found her grandson, who had returned from the island, and was sitting in the common parlour along with Father Moriarty.

Both arose and gave the old woman the easiest chair and warmest corner.

And when she was seated David told her of his morning's trip to Sandy Isle, and reported all well at their little cottage home.

Then Father Moriarty inquired if she had the documents left with her by Mr. Gryphyn.

In answer Dame Lindsay drew them from her pocket and handed them over to the priest.

"Shall we examine them now, David?" inquired the latter.

"If you please, sir. It seems to me no better time could be found," answered the young man.

Father Moriarty untied the parcel.

It contained some yellow, time-worn parchments, which, when examined, proved to be old title-deeds relating to the Gryphynhold estate—the most ancient being the first royal patent, signed with the Great seal of James the First, granting certain tracts of land to a certain Owen Gryphyn ap Gryphyn, of Llanwyngin, County of Cheshire, Wales, and to his heirs or assigns for ever.

Then there was an almost equally ancient deed of entail, settling the whole estate upon the eldest son and his heirs. Next there was the marriage certificate of Dyryd Gryphyn of Gryphynhold to Marie Desolée Dubois.

"Then the marriage certificate my girl sent me must have been only a copy of that?" said Dame Lindsay, when this paper was produced.

"Certainly, that was an attested copy. Did you not know it?" inquired the priest.

"Oh, no. How should I? I gave it right over to you, Father Moriarty. But, sir, what is that other fresh, clean, folded paper at the bottom of the packet?"

"That," said the priest, taking it up and unfolding it, "is a statement written, signed, and sealed by Dyryd Gryphyn, and attested before a lawyer. It is directed to me, to be opened and read in the presence of his son and the friends of his son."

"Meaning you and me, Father Moriarty, for I do not know any other friends that our boy has who would be so much concerned for him," said Dame Lindsay.

"Meaning us, I suppose," assented the priest.

Then, turning to David Lindsay:

"Have I your sanction for reading this statement now?"

"Certainly, Father Moriarty," answered the young man.

The priest unfolded the paper and read as follows—noticing, as did both his hearers, a certain wildness, extravagance, and incoherence in the style, that showed some degree of insanity in palliation of the writer's vices, crimes, and excesses.

(To be Continued.)





[IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.]

## WHO DID IT?

OR,

### THE WARD'S SECRET.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Ah then what honest triumph flushed my breast  
This truth once known. To bless is to be blest.  
He breathed his prayer, long may such goodness  
live  
'Twas all he gave, it was all he had to give.  
Angels, when mercy's mandate wing'd their  
flight,  
Had stooped to catch new rapture from the sight.

VIOLA rose early on the following morning. Perhaps she had a vague fear that some obstacle would be presented to the visit which she had resolved to pay; or else it was the excitement of her arrival at the spot where her ancestors had lived and died that broke the slumbers which are usually so profound in youth.

In any case she had dressed and left the house on her expedition, almost before the domestics had aroused from their sleep.

She was a good localist.

Her colonial education had been so much less conventional than was customary in the same rank of life in her native country that every landmark was quietly noted by her and imprinted upon her brain.

Even though Neville Grantley had been her guide on the previous day, and her nerves naturally excited and fluttered by the accident which had so interested her, she was yet perfectly cognisant of the turnings that led to Nellie Carew's cottage—the trees and the hedgerows and the buildings scattered in the path.

Perhaps she had scarcely missed a yard of her way when she at last came to the cross roads where the accident happened, and in sight and well nigh hearing of the cottagers in one of which was the home of the little sufferer.

Viola hastened on, conscious that the minutes were speeding too rapidly for her will, and that any failure in punctuality at the breakfast hour would be a new offence against her guardian's rules.

It was a bondage; an unintentional one possibly, but still irksome and new to the freedom-loving, liberty-bred colonist.

But at the moment her thoughts were occupied with other matters.

She opened the door in vague trembling.

Would the poor child be a victim to the untoward accident, or a permanent invalid from its effects?

Who would be there? What help had been given to the child by her bounty? Such were the ideas that haunted the girl as she approached the goal of her expedition, and when the handle turned in the lock and the door yielded to her touch she was almost afraid to encounter the scene that might await her.

Mrs. Hoyte was there, preparing the breakfast of the little one, and ready to answer Viola's inquiries.

"Nellie is somewhat better, I think," was her first remark; "she knew me once or twice in the night, and she is asleep now. Don't distress yourself, my dear young lady. It was no fault of yours, and you have done all you could for her." She was carefully unwrapping the comforts that Miss Devaux had brought her as she spoke, with eyes that sparkled keenly, either from greed or gratitude.

"Has your brother returned? What does he say?" she asked.

"No, Miss Devaux, not yet. Mike fishes, you see, for a living. It is uncertain when he may come back, and till then I never know when to look for him."

"Is it not a very uncomfortable life?" asked the girl. "I mean for you as well as him."

An unmistakable embarrassment did delay the response, and there was a passing start in her whole frame as she replied:

"Why, what do you mean, miss? How are folks to get fish otherwise?"

"Certainly, certainly," returned the girl, gently. "I only meant that it was a very anxious thing for you to be left with these little ones, and never know when to expect their father. But custom is everything, is it not? It reconciles to what is unavoidable." She added, "Can I see little Nellie?"

Mrs. Hoyte seemed glad to change the subject. She hastened to conduct the young lady to the tiny room where the child lay on her lowly but clean bed in a calm slumber.

Viola sat down by her pillow for a few minutes to watch the quiet breathing that promised so well for the invalid's recovery, and examined the child's

features, which were singularly marked and pretty for that hard-lined country type.

"She is a sweet little creature. Is not her father very fond of her?" she asked.

"He worships the very ground of her little feet," said the aunt. "Mike is a hard man, but Nellie is his idol. She is very like her mother, and that was the only soft place in Mike's heart since his very boyhood, as far as I know."

"Then I am very glad she is likely to be spared to him," said Viola, softly.

Perhaps even her sweet tones, or the very presence of a stranger, seemed to rouse the slumbering child. She opened her eyes and stretched out her little hands towards the lovely lady at her side.

"Take me," she said; "I love you. You are so pretty and so kind."

What could Viola do?

She lifted the child from her pallet, and placing her on her knee, she soothed and cheered her by her sweet words and the judicious administration of some of the simple remedies she had brought till she was fully satisfied that all fear of injury to the brain was over, and she might replace her on her pillow without any injury.

"I will come and see you again," she said, when she rose to go, "and bring you some pretty toys and cakes if you are a good girl, and do all your aunt and the doctor tell you."

"I will—I will, if you come again," said the sufferer, gently.

Her strength was apparently failing now, and Viola hastened to take leave of the aunt and niece. She had scarcely taken half a dozen steps when Reginald Waldegrave stood before her.

"I rather expected this of you, Miss Devaux," he said, with a triumphant smile. "I have earned the right to escort you home."

"I scarcely understand how," said Viola, coldly. "It is perfectly unnecessary what you have done; it is neither benefitting these cottagers nor—"

She could not quite finish the sentence with what hovered on her lips without offence, but he calmly supplied it.

"Use to you. That I must deny."

"In what way?"

"In what way? Why, in several. In the first place, it was owing to me that you came at all on this visit of inquiry, you will remember, and next, if you escape from any blame and are less keenly watched, you may put it down to my influence," he returned, with a constrained smile.

Viola looked incredulous.

"I am quite capable of taking my own way if I am sure it is right," she said calmly.

"I don't understand why you should not, whether right or wrong, be allowed to gratify your own sweet will," he replied, tenderly.

"I am bound to pay allegiance to my guardian," she said, with demure archness that broke through her habitual pensiveness of manner like the sun through a cloud.

"May I ask how long he has held that enviable office? I do not remember hearing of you when I last saw him in London," he said.

"I had not then arrived in England—from my second home—my pleasant pension," she returned.

"Then you did not know Mr. Leclerc or his daughter when you were left to their care?" he asked, in some surprise.

Viola smiled rather sadly.

"You do not comprehend colonial life or you would not be so much surprised," she returned, quietly.

"The fact was that my father and Mr. Leclerc became connected abroad in some business transactions, and so far as I understand, Mr. Leclerc either succeeded better or was more anxious to return home than my father. But they seem always to have corresponded, and by my father's will he was appointed my guardian, while some witty lawyer or other acts as trustee for what little business there may be to arrange. Voila tout."

"It is singular that you should return to this place, which Mr. Devaux left, as I suppose, long before you were born," observed Reginald, unconsciously committing an Irishism as he spoke.

"Yes; I shall not be happy till I have been to every possible place that was at all associated with him," she said, thoughtfully a bright moisture glistening in her eyes. "I loved him so dearly—better than any human being."

"Did you—I mean were you present at his death?" asked Reginald, gently.

"No; I was at school. All was over ere I was aware what I had lost," she said, in a low, subdued tone.

"Then it must be soothing to come here. There must be a sad void in the heart to be filled up," he said, softly.

She did not reply; perhaps she dared not trust her voice.

And ere long they came in sight of The Wilderness gates, which were at no great distance from the house.

Reginald stopped for a brief moment ere he applied for admission.

"Miss Devaux, you are in some sort a stranger—even among your own people here. You said but now I did not understand the colonists. At least I comprehend that you may need a true and devoted friend. May I count on your considering me as such and applying to me in need? I would never fail you. It may be that I may only desire to have a yet firmer hold—a stronger right when time permits such hopes, but not yet—not yet."

Viola flushed at the words.

They could scarcely help being understood even if the brief acquaintance made it well nigh inevitable that they could convey their apparent meaning.

She only bowed her head as she hastened away like a lapwing in the direction of the house, and ere long was lost to view.

He stood watching her retreating figure with admiring eyes.

"She is well nigh perfect," he said to himself.

"Fresh and original, as well as lovely. It is perhaps madness as well as treachery in some measure even to think of such an alliance, but Pauline does seem all commonplace and ennuant in comparison with this little fairy half-caste. She has the true Spanish blood in her veins, or I am mistaken, and that gives her that irresistible fascination. Well, if she is my fate, it is no fault of mine, and after all I was not committed to Pauline. I never did more than talk love to her, as a man would to so beautiful a girl. I never spoke to her father, nor compromised her to the world."

And Reginald resumed his own rapid pace, and reached the house as the breakfast bell was ringing, and as he presumed all unobserved by any human being.

"What are you young folks going to amuse yourselves with this morning?" asked Mr. Leclerc.

"This afternoon I had arranged a ride or drive, if we are not detained by callers; but I am afraid Reginald will find the time pass heavily without anyone but an old fellow like me for a companion."

"And most likely you will have business to occupy you, sir," observed Waldegrave. "I shall find plenty to do in examining the fine old place and the immediate neighbourhood."

"Let us go over the house. It will be great fun, will it not?" exclaimed Pauline. "There seems all kinds of winding passages, and halls, and rooms,

and now that they are empty except our own immediate apartments, it is the very time to explore them."

Reginald echoed the proposal, and Viola, though she would so much have preferred wandering alone and unnoticed over the halls where her forefathers had lived, was yet willing to accompany them, rather than delay her acquaintance with the spot most interesting to her heart.

It was comparatively, however, less strikingly associated with the past from her ignorance of the peculiar histories attached to each, and it was not till they reached the fine old gallery devoted to the portraits of the long line of the Devauxs that she felt her individuality, her near connection with those who to her companions were strangers.

The type of face was remarkably preserved, as is so often the case among the ancient families of our land.

Reginald could trace the lineaments that were softened and mellowed in Viola's sweet face in the stately damask who hung on the walls, and whose motionless features and forms were but a type of their utter absence of earthly life and joys and sorrows.

On they moved, Viola keeping still a little apart, either to give the presumed lovers an opportunity of unstrained intercourse, or else to indulge in silence her own deep, eager reflections.

But at length a cry escaped her as her gaze rested on one of the portraits. It had, like all the others, a tiny and fanciful medallion attached to it, with the name and birth and death of the original of the portrait in gold letters, which saved all chance of mistake or oblivion of the identity.

Viola's exclamation attracted her companions to the spot.

"What is it, Viola? Are you astonished with that fine, romantic-looking fellow?" asked Pauline, half jestingly.

It was indeed a splendid face and proudly borne figure on which they gazed, and the modern dress could not destroy the dignified, high-born air that was so conspicuous in the less recent portraits they had examined.

"It is 'Roy Devaux,' I see, with date of birth but not of death," remarked Reginald. "And the only one of the generation, as it appears. It is comparatively recent, too. Miss Devaux, it must be surely you—"

He stopped as he noticed the agitation on the girl's face.

"No," she said, in a low tone, "it is not. It cannot be my father, if you mean that. The name was not Roy, but so like, so strangely like. It might have been his portrait. It is very singular, and so vivid the look—the bearing—all is his," she added, dreamily, more to herself than her companions.

She was so engrossed with the memories of the parent she had lost that she did not turn when the opening of a door and the voice of her guardian announced the advent of Mr. Leclerc.

The tears were too fresh in her eyes, and the lips were too quiveringly tremulous for her to wish that any stranger should intermeddle with a sorrow that could not be consoled—a loss that could not be repaired, save by time.

There were other steps and voices, and in another moment she heard Mr. Leclerc addressing his daughter.

"Pauline, my dear, here is a neighbour of ours, Sir Charles Molyneux, who has brought over his wife's card and kind apologies to you for not calling, and I have brought him here to deliver them himself."

"Yes, and given me a great pleasure in seeing this old gallery once more at the same time," exclaimed the cheery baronet. "Miss Leclerc, I am sure you will waive ceremony in the case of an invalid—old enough to be your mother—and come over and see us without delay."

"You are very kind—I shall of course be most charmed," said Pauline, softly. "It is most kind of her to be so prompt in her attentions."

"Well, I confess that was in some measure an accident for which you must thank my friend Grantley, here," resumed Sir Charles, drawing back so as to let the young man thus named come forward. "I met him just coming out of old Carew's cottage, and found he had already made an acquaintance with you, and that a friend of his was staying here; so I thought no time like the present, and I have made him come with me for a some more regular introduction than a silly child's escapade."

Then you heard of the unlucky occurrence, Sir Charles?" asked Reginald, quickly.

"Yes, it soon travels in these parts, and Mike Carew is rather a noted character," replied the baronet. "It's best not to tread on his toes, nor

come in his track, the folks say. But where's Miss Devaux? I believe I should know her if she is at all like the family," he said, looking round.

Viola, who had been half concealed by the dark recess of one of the gallery windows, though not from the quick gaze of Neville Grantley, now came forward to Pauline's side.

Sir Charles looked inquisitively at her, and held her hand for a moment or two as if studying her face.

"Ah, yes, you're a Devaux, no doubt, young lady, but not pure, there's a touch of softer blood, or I'm much mistaken, in your case, though you are like—very like one of them, poor girl. I hope you won't have any such untoward fate," he went on rapidly.

Neville Grantley came forward with a decided determination to claim her notice, that had its motive rather in consideration for her than self-gratification.

He could guess all she must be feeling at such a moment. He knew that every sympathy—every passionate longing must be stirred up by the portraits with which she was surrounded, and that she must be in no state to bear such allusions and reflections.

"I am glad to bring you good news of your little protégé, Miss Devaux," he said. "Dr. Wood was visiting my uncle just before I left home, and he said little Nellie Carew would do all right enough now, with ordinary care."

"And get all well before the father comes," laughed Sir Charles. "So much the better for you, Mr. Leclerc."

"Pray who is this man?" asked Mr. Leclerc, in a tone of some impatience. "A regular smuggler and pirate, I should think, who ought to be put in the hulks instead of being a terror to his superiors."

Sir Charles laughed.

"Oh! that won't do, Leclerc. It won't do in these parts, I can tell you. You will find yourself decidedly unpopular if you set yourself against the fishermen and that lot. They are rough and unscrupulous, but we must make the best of them if we want to live peaceably and safely in the place. I suppose you will remain at The Wilderness permanently as you have bought it, I understand?"

"I have secured it for a term; there may be a question of purchase afterwards," replied Mr. Leclerc, constrainedly. "But you said you wished to refresh your memory with the portraits, which, of course, you will know better than we do."

"Ah, yes—that is many of them, more especially the recent ones. I remember Roy's father when I was quite a child myself—your grandfather, young lady, and poor Cecil, your father, also, though he went off when I was but a young fellow, and I have no very clear remembrance of him, I confess."

"He was like, oh, so very like to this one—to his brother," said Viola, commanding herself to reply.

"They might have been taken for each other, I should think, if this is a true likeness of my uncle."

"Well, such things are not uncommon; it is very probable," said Sir Charles, turning to Mr. Leclerc, and then gazing once more at the portrait: "At any rate, it is a faithful likeness of Roy, that I can speak to myself, Leclerc."

He moved away from the portrait as he spoke, and Mr. Leclerc and his daughter were fain to accompany him, while Reginald hovered like a restless bird between the two parties; as they divided themselves, by chance or design, he could overhear at provoking intervals the voices of Viola and her companions in comments on the objects around.

There was no word that might not have been spoken in the Royal Academy with perfect impunity.

Still there was a tone and accent that gave a very different aspect to the whole dialogue. Had Reginald been an impartial observer it might have been different.

But as it was, with his own tenderness of feeling, his jealous instincts, and his passionate resolve to keep Viola for himself, he was doubly sensitive to the least symptoms of rivalry and success where she was in the question.

It was the more provoking since the whole danger had been induced by a most needless accident.

How he execrated the folly of Nellie Carew, the gratuitous assistance of Viola, the very jollity and hospitality of Sir Charles, when he at length departed.

"Then you will come, Miss Leclerc, and, of course, Miss Devaux. We dine at seven—absurd to have later hours in the country with five or six miles to drive. As to Grantley, it matters not to him, he'll walk home like an owl in the dark, at any hour; but that's no rule for ladies or for Londoners."

And Sir Charles took his leave with a kindly



geniality that won over Viola's gentle heart. He had known her father, too, and her uncle, and that was a sufficient link between them.

"An insufferable bore, that old fellow," was the bitter comment of Reginald Waldegrave when he had departed.

"Dreadful," returned Pauline, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"May be useful in the country, nevertheless," concluded Mr. Leclerc.

And Viola made no comment. Her mind was dwelling rather on Neville Grantley's words and looks, with the mysterious sympathy they conveyed to her heart.

She did not comprehend it, but so it was. In her virgin inexperience she had tasted the sweet draught of love; she had yielded up her fresh young heart all unconscious of the gift and its precious value.

Her fate had come, though as yet all veiled in a safe disguise. It was never to be altered now; the stamp had been impressed, and the tender nature was moulded into the type which it was never to lose till death should destroy all such distinctions from the tender spirit.

### CHAPTER III.

Mr thoughts are with the dead; with them  
I live in long past years;  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn;  
Partake their griefs and fears;  
And from their noble lessons find  
Instruction with a humble mind.

THERE was to be a ride that afternoon to show the romantic neighbourhood around to the strangers.

Pauline was a well-trained and by no means timid horsewoman.

She had attracted attention more than once during the few times she had shown herself in the park, and she looked her very best in her well-fitting habit and her elegant carriage.

It was naturally with no small confidence and pride that she, and her father also, started on the expedition.

They forgot that there was a possibility of a yet more dashing and accomplished rival in the art; they knew not what a colonist habituated from earliest childhood would accomplish ere the restraints of more conventional life fettered its grace and courage.

Pauline gave one quick curious look at the young daughter of the Devauze, was placed on her horse, and prepared to start by the side of her guardian.

Her glance passed rapidly from one to the other of her companions. She could see that Reginald's criticising eyes were fixed on the lithe form and the free, graceful carriage of the equestrian. It was scarcely like the ordinary, well-taught riding of an English girl. It was as if she had spent her life in such exercise, and it was as natural to her as to walk.

Pauline knew she was sufficiently "up" in grace and skill to do it full justice, and what was more galling, felt certain that the lover whom she most desired to secure and win was as much impressed as herself with that wonderful perfection of horsemanship.

"Viola rides very well," she said, with as much affectation of indifference as she could manage to assume.

"It is quite unlike anything I ever saw," he said; "so quiet and ladylike, and yet almost professional in its easy grace. But I do not quite like the look of her horse. Do you know whether it is one of Mr. Leclerc's or one of the stud at The Wilderness?"

"I really have no idea. Papa had mine brought down, of course, but I do not suppose he had time to think of one for Viola—and—if there were enough here that would settle the matter," replied the girl, with a pardonable impatience.

"Exactly so. How long has she been with you? Of course, not long, for I do not remember your speaking of her when we parted last Christmas?" asked Reginald.

"It was not certainly arranged then," replied Pauline, "and papa only told me vaguely that the arrangement would probably be made for Viola to be with us for the present. Then when all was settled about The Wilderness the final plans were made. I scarcely comprehend the connection, but I know my father and Viola were very much together at one time, in South America, and there was some interchange of services between them that drew the bond closer. But whether my father received or did the said service I really cannot tell you."

"You have not woman's curiosity then, Pauline," he said; "you did not question very closely."

Perhaps the use of her Christian name served to give confidence to the poor troubled heart. Pauline was not unkindly disposed to her rival—it was but

the galling wound of a somewhat passionate though not strong nature that sharpened her accent when she spoke of one who might perhaps be the very bane and destruction of her happiness.

"You forget how recently I have lived with my father," she said, gently. "I was away at school three parts of the year till lately, and he does not care to be questioned about his life in early days—unless he begins the subject."

"Forgive me, I was unreasonable, impatient," he said, tenderly; "I must learn more caution, must I not?"

"If you have truth and—" she was going to say "love" but stopped herself and added, "in what you once said you felt, I ask nothing more," she substituted.

Reginald murmured some response such as can be imagined perhaps better than written, for in such cases it is rather looks and tone than actual words which constitute the value of the assurance.

Thus the two rode on in the mute interchange of real or apparent feeling till they came to a sharp break in the four roads, which parted in counter and opposite directions.

Here Mr. Leclerc seemed to pause in doubt, and Reginald and Pauline rode hastily up to ascertain the cause and share in any doubt and deliberation as to their course.

Reginald pulled up his horse rather sharply as they came to the spot.

The animal kicked, perhaps with involuntary surprise or resentment at the abrupt check, and, by some untoward chance, its legs touched Viola's horse.

In an instant it started, reared, and started off at a headlong pace from the point.

"Gracious Heavens, she will be thrown!" exclaimed the terrified Pauline.

Reginald made no observation, but turned as pale as death, and so conspicuously alarmed that it was impossible to doubt his deep interest in the result.

"It is in the direction of the Lea. What will become of her?" asked the guardian, more calmly.

"It will be her death—there can be no doubt of it. What can be done?" wailed Pauline.

"It would but do harm to ride after her. If there were but a path that we could go by her side," said Reginald, hastily. "Or if we could meet her. I will try—if I die for it!" he exclaimed, hurriedly.

The next instant he was galloping like the "haunted horseman" towards the place where he presumed Viola's refractory steed would carry her, and to which his eagle eye had in an instant detected a chance of a rencontre.

Pauline and her father remained in a state of suspense and alarm that was not altogether mingled with other feelings.

Scalding tears rolled down Pauline's cheeks, and her lips trembled with what was evidently a more quick and personal feeling than mere terror for her friend.

Her hand played nervously with the bridle, and the whip fell from her fingers in her effort to hold the handkerchief which would dry the starting drops.

Her father watched her with far more anxiety than he followed the perilous movements of the horses that were careering away to their possible death.

"My child, what is it?" he asked, tenderly.

"Papa, I am broken-hearted. Oh, why did you bring her here?" asked Pauline.

She seemed to have lost all control. The jealous fears inspired during the last few days had reached their height, and this last drop had heated them even to overflowing.

"What do you mean, my love? What has happened. Has he dared to trifle with my child, my worshipped darling?" he asked, eagerly.

Pauline's sobs were her sole reply for a time.

"Papa, papa, do not ask, do not say more. I cannot bear it," she answered at last.

"My precious one, I must know. I must not let my heart's jewel be tarnished, my flower fade away," he said. "Tell me, Pauline, do you love him? I am your sole parent—you are my all. I demand a reply, from love and from duty—both, my daughter."

"Papa, I do. Am I wrong?"

"And he has given you cause to believe that he loves you?" resumed Mr. Leclerc.

Poor Pauline.

It was perhaps a difficult question to solve or reply to.

Her womanly delicacy counteracted with her fear for her lover lest he should excite her father's displeasure, and it might be also, that her pique against Viola had something to do with the mingling of feelings in her heart.

She bowed her head in assent.

"Yes," came slowly from her tongue as if it were breathed in a lover's ears.

Mr. Leclerc's teeth were firmly compressed and his brow knit as he exclaimed:

"It is well, my child, you are as ever dutiful and good; you shall have your reward—yes, at any cost, whether of his or of mine, you shall be happy, or—" and his voice sank till the girl did not fully distinguish the sound, but if she had caught the accent it would have told her what her feminine nature should certainly have shrunk from hearing.

The word was "avenged."

And the very depth of the voice only died within the profound recesses of the heart in which it sunk.

"Dry your tears, my child, they are not for my daughter to shed; they should be burnt dry by pride," he went on. "Trust in me and all will be well."

The eyes of the father and daughter had been for the moment diverted from the direction in which Viola's horse had gone with such fearful rapidity.

But now the sound seemed to come again, and to awaken them from the momentary absorption.

They were certainly those of approaching steps, whether of horse or man or both.

What did it batten?

Was it to herald Viola's death or her safety?

And what was more—which would have been in actual truth—the most welcome to those who waited for the tidings?

Such were the questions which perhaps were equally difficult to resolve for the persons most concerned as for those who might be awaiting their answer with less deeply interested doubts.

\* \* \*

Reginald had fulfilled his plan, that was decidedly the most judicious course, and gone rather to meet Viola in her headlong passage towards the cliff brow than to add to her horse's alarm and speed by following her up behind.

But it was a terrible race—a race in which life was at stake, and he knew it well. His ears were strained to catch one sound of shriek or cry from the brave girl, but none came on the clear air.

If she was keeping her seat, and not yet uttered one sound, there might be hope, only that dreadful risk of the cliff and her want of power to check or even turn her horse after such an exhausting, headlong run.

It was but the affair of minutes, but it seemed more like hours; and Reginald scarcely dared realise to himself the fearful crisis that was hastening on.

It was at the very height now. He was coming near enough to hear the clattering hoofs, to see the speeding horse—nay, almost to detect the white cheeks and the signs of exhaustion in the fair horsewoman as she came on; and his own horse, unaffected by any such fury or fear, did not sufficiently emulate the furious pace of its companion to ensure success.

It was at hand. There was not a yard between Viola and the cliff.

For the first time a faint cry—hardly more than a groan, escaped her. She evidently comprehended her full risk, and it was not in woman's nature to avoid that slight indication of the agony it cost her.

It half maddened Reginald. He flogged his horse, but in vain; the animal was either exhausted or obstinate, and he fairly refused to obey the goad. Reginald sprang off, though his own steps must necessarily be useless to rival the horse's speed.

He had taken one step towards the cliff, his own limbs actually trembling with the agony of the moment, when, at the very instant when he expected to see the fair girl disappear over the cliff for a dreadful and hopeless fate, a figure sprang up as if by magic.

The horse was instantly seized and thrown back, then Viola was lifted off, and in another instant the animal was dashing madly on over the cliff, not before its fair burden was laid tenderly on the grass that covered the headland.

"Safe—thank Heaven!" murmured the voice of Neville Grantley, as he sank down himself in utter and breathless exhaustion from the superhuman efforts he had made to ascend the steep hill ere too late.

And Reginald stood speechless, aye, and livid with the contending feelings that were wavering in his breast.

"Give her to me—let me carry her back to her friends," he said at length, with a low, suppressed growl, rather than his usual voice, so utterly was he carried away by passion and jealous resentment.

"Let her remain in quiet. It would be far better to fetch them to her," said Neville, firmly, placing himself defiantly at the young girl's side, and then bending over her, and striving by every means in his power to recall her to life.

"Viola, dearest," was whispered in her ear, and her hand clasped, and her dress slightly loosened so as to give her more air and liberty.

Her hat had fallen off in the sudden seizure of Neville's arm.

Her hair had burst its confinement, and was escaping in rich tresses on her face and neck.

How lovely she looked, as it shaded her fair features and delicate skin, while by slow degrees she seemed to instinctively recognise and obey the tones that implored her to rouse herself and acknowledge and reward his tenderness and his courage.

"Give her to me; what right have you to her?" repeated Reginald.

"More than your's at the least. You have no part in her safety, whatever you may have had in her danger," returned Grantley, fiercely.

"Perhaps I have another that is different to all else. I defy you to advance that," said Reginald, with a sneer. "I at any rate can venture to woo and claim a bride which you cannot, Neville. The will to keep from mortification and rebuff. She is not for you, nor such as you."

Neville's hand was raised.

Another moment and he might probably have met the insult by a blow.

But luckily for the prevention of any such deadly intention the girl opened her eyes and glanced around.

She was not hurt, and hers was no nature, physically or otherwise, to yield to weak terror or indulgence.

A few gasps to relieve the labouring heart as it returned to its functions—a nervous glance at those by whom she was surrounded, and then she raised herself, and inquired with a sweet, grateful smile:

"Who saved me?" and glanced from one to the other in some bewilderment.

Neville's generous nature was too frank to admit of taking a mean advantage even of a jealous rival. And when the question was repeated and Reginald remained in sullen silence, he was the first to reply:

"Mr. Waldegrave did his utmost, and even ran some risk in his attempt to save you, but I had the happiness to come in at the critical moment. I had seen you from the opposite headland, and with my knowledge of the paths which are cut in the cliffs I managed to meet you in time."

He did not add that he was bruised and well-nigh dislocated by the desperate effort, but Viola needed not that to win her gratitude.

"And the horse?" she said, "the horse; where is he?"

"He has met his just fate," interposed Reginald. "The wretch ought to have been shot ere he endangered your life."

"Poor fellow, he did not mean it," said the girl, sadly. "But we must go back to Mr. Leclerc and Pauline, or they will be frightened," she added, quickly.

Neville Grantley could not but secretly comment on the unselfish bravery of the girl that could think of others at such a moment, but he only treasured it in his heart of hearts.

It was, perhaps, but a sweet poison that was stealing into his very heart's blood, for what madness would it be to hope for the hand of a well-dowered girl, such as he had reason to believe Viola Devaux to be.

And Reginald Waldegrave's admiring eyes were also fixed on the fair young creature, as she hastily swept her thick tresses over her head and twisted them round her small head.

"Now I am ready," she said, taking her hat from the hand of Reginald with a smile of thanks.

He drew her hand in his, but Neville at once interposed.

"Pardon me, Waldegrave, but I must claim the right to take charge of Miss Devaux till I deliver her safe to her rightful guardian," he said, firmly.

"Miss Devaux shall be the one to decide on the matter," returned Reginald, sarcastically.

"And I will not be very sorry for the aid of both," returned Viola, her quick brain at once perceiving the difficulties of the situation between altercations and pique in her companions and jealous surprise on that of Pauline.

"There seems to be some fate connected with horses and their misadventures where you are in the question, Grantley," observed Reginald, with a sneer. "One would think that you got up some private theatricals for your especial benefit, the principal part taken by Mr. Neville Grantley."

"In which Miss Devaux's life was to be risked like an acrobat, and a valuable horse sacrificed," was the cool rejoinder. "Yes, a very probable device, I confess. If I do begin plotting it shall not be so clumsily framed."

Reginald bit his lips angrily, but at the moment

Mr. Leclerc and Pauline were seen to be approaching, and it was not till the first agitated explanations were over and Neville was taking leave of the little group, where his presence seemed scarcely desired, that the half audible words "you shall pay for this," were uttered in Neville's ear.

(To be Continued.)

## WE WRONG OUR DAUGHTERS.

WE wrong them in that we compel them to marry. Our sons marry or not, as they please, whenever it suits their convenience, or whenever they can tease somebody into taking them "for better or worse," and the parents say it's all right; but they must marry off their daughters, get rid of them, and speedily, too, or they will be old maids, and no disgraced for ever. The love of the parent succumbs to public opinion, to tyrant custom, and for fear of the "world's dread laugh," they send forth their young daughters into the soul mart to be sold to the first, or more probably the highest bidder. Must not this be humiliating—galling—more bitter than rue?

The remedy for this wrong lies in giving your daughter some other aim in life except marriage, so that this may become to her a matter of will, not of necessity. Girls, as well as boys, ought to have something in view—something to stimulate them, something to bring out their energies. It is usual with parents to ask their sons, as soon as they are old enough to understand the question: "What do you intend to be?"

The boy's inclinations are watched, his tastes ascertained, his abilities weighed, in order that they may be better able to decide what shall be his future course. When his career is settled, all his powers are concentrated, all his energies directed to the accomplishment of that one object; his life becomes earnest, for he feels that he has a work to perform; he acquires a new dignity, for he is a person of importance in the world—he has a purpose in life; he is not a mere cipher.

But what father among us, indulging and loving as he may be, turns from his proud boy, and while, perchance, a tear-drop glistens in his eye, lays his hand so tenderly on the broad white brow and silken tresses of his darling girl, and asks, with a strange tremor in his manly voice: "And what is my heart's child going to be?" If ever such a thought crosses his mind, it usually amounts to nothing more than: "She will be a belle, and make a great match."

Thus, in every instance, the one everlasting and apparently inevitable idea of marriage, as though no woman had ever lived and died without being married, or without even desiring to be.

## ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.

OF all the relics of the middle ages which have been preserved to our times, none possess a greater amount of interest, or more varied instruction, than illuminated manuscripts. Whether we regard them in their numerous variety as an assemblage of all that is most graceful in design and gorgeous in colouring, or as illustrations of the history, the manners and the customs of our ancestors, their religious, their monetary and their civil affairs, their pictorial truth must always make them highly valuable.

In the early ages of Christianity, the schools of art were the religious houses of monasteries; and the books which were transcribed and illustrated were almost wholly of a sacred character—chiefly copies of the Bible and the Gospels. In the richer establishments, no amount of labour or cost was spared in the production of these works. The most skilful scribes were employed on the text, and such members of the brotherhood as had artistic genius were occupied on the ornamental embellishments, and many of the examples of such adornment which have come down to us display almost an incredible amount of invention, ingenuity and patience.

## BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

BEAUTIFUL hair finds worshippers the world over. When it is abundant and tastefully adjusted, it "sets off" the face of beauty, and may be made to soften even a deformity. Its arrangement exhibits the taste of the wearer, and it may be made more ornamental than the richest jewel ever dug from Golconda's mines. But it is a jewel not found in the casket of one woman in a thousand. The hair should be cultivated from infancy, by keeping the head

clean and cool night and day; it should be worn as short as a boy's until the thirteenth year is completed; a comb, or a pin, or a tie should not be allowed for an hour, nor a "parting," nor a braid; nothing should ever touch it but a tortoise or fine rubber-comb and pure soft water; it should never be allowed to bear more than its own weight, nor detained from its natural direction; if anything, it should be supported unstrained.

Ventilation and cleanliness, from infancy to budding womanhood, are essential to hair that is thick, long, luxuriant, permanent, and glistening with life. Fashion, all blind and remorseless as she is but too often, is for once philosophical and wise in introducing nets to hold the hair of girls at the neck behind.

The pernicious metallic hair-pins have "killed" the air of our wives and daughters, whose entire stock in trade, that is their own, scarcely equals in size a common hickory-nut. It has been out by the harsh hair-pin, pulled from its roots by braiding and tying, and actually rotted at its origin by an imbedded mass of grease, dust, and dandruff, stopping up every pore, preventing exhalation, confining the heat, and setting up a permanent and destructive inflammation about every bulb.

A clean scalp and pure soft water are the best pomatums in the world for man or woman, boy or girl, young or old.

## THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

### CHAPTER XLV.

AGNES never appeared with her sister in public, and was seldom seen at the house when the people called.

"She was very shy and timid, and shrank from meeting strangers. She was really the happiest when busy with some domestic duty," Josephine said to the few who felt that they must ask for her, and who accepted the excuse and left Agnes free to become in Rothsay what she had been in Holburton, a mere household drudge, literally doing all the work for the woman whom Josephine employed and called her cook, but who was wholly incompetent as well as indisposed to work.

So the whole care devolved on Agnes, who took up her burden without a word of protest, and worked through from morning till night, while Josephine lounged in her own room, where she had her meals more than half the time, or drove through the town in her phaeton, managing always to pass the office where Everard toiled early and late, doing the work of two, in order that he might have the means to support her without touching a shilling of Rosalie's fortune.

As yet Josephine's demands upon him were not very great. Old Axie had been a provident house-keeper, and Josephine found a profusion of everything necessary for the table.

Her wardrobe did not need replenishing, and she could not venture upon inviting company so soon, consequently she was rather moderate in her demands for money, but Everard knew the time would come when all he had would scarcely satisfy her, and for that time he worked, silently, doggedly, rarely speaking to anyone outside of his business unless they spoke to him, but feeling keenly the estranged manner of his former friends, who, he knew, blamed him and pitied the lovely creature whose eyes always filled with tears when his name was mentioned, and who managed, without actually saying so, to let it be known that she had done everything in her power to win his love and confidence, but could not, and that under her bright, sunny face she carried a heavy and aching heart, which nothing could cure but a perfect reconciliation with her husband.

Such was about the state of affairs when Beatrice came home, very unexpectedly, to the Rothsaies, who wondered what she would think of matters at the Forrest House, and if she would endorse the lady as they did.

Josephine had spoken frequently of Miss Belknap, who, she said, was for a few weeks an inmate of her mother's family, and whom she admired greatly, though she was afraid her admiration was not returned.

"Miss Belknap and I are so unlike," she said to Mrs. Rider, after carefully feeling her ground and



knowing how far she could venture. "She is a splendid girl, but a little old maidish, it seemed to me, and straight-laced, and my free, childish manners shocked her at times, I daresay. A good many young men, or rather boys, used to call upon me, and some of them I know she did not like; neither did I, but I could not rid myself of them, hampered as I was with the secret of my marriage. If I shut them out at one door they come in at the other," and Josephine laughed so innocently, and seemed so heartless and child-like that Mrs. Rider felt she understood the matter exactly, and that there probably was not any great degree of cordiality between the two ladies, and there would be less when Bee knew who Josephine was.

Mrs. Rider was among the first to call upon Bee, and the first to introduce the subject of Everard's marriage, watching narrowly to see the effect. But there was none of any account.

Beatrice said she was surprised when she heard that Josephine had come to Rothsay, but that she had known of the marriage a long time; that she knew it before she went to board with Mrs. Fleming at Holburton; that Everard told her himself before his father died; that it was an unfortunate affair, and she was sorry for both parties; and that was all she ever said openly.

She merely acted, by letting Miss J. E. alone and not responding to the gushing friendship which Josephine offered her, for Josephine went at once to Elm Park, and throwing herself upon Bee's neck burst into tears, sobbing out:

"Oh, Miss Belknap, I am so glad you have come to be my friend and sister, and I need one so much. I wish I had told you the truth when you were in Holburton, but Everard was afraid of having it known, and now he is so cold and distant and I am—so unhappy. You will be my friend and help me. You were always so kind to me, and I liked you so much."

Beatrice shook her off as gently as possible, and answered that she should certainly try to do right, and asked after Agnes, and how her visitor liked Rothsay, and if Rosamond had written to her, and gradually drew the conversation away from dangerous ground, and did it in such a manner that Josephine felt that she had more to fear from Bee Belknap than from all the world besides.

And she had, for Bee's opinion was worth more than that of any twenty people in Rothsay, and when it was known, as it soon was, that there was little or no intercourse between Elm Park and the Forrest House, that the two ladies were polite to each other and nothing more, that Beatrice never expressed herself with regard to Mrs. Forrest or mentioned her in any way, but was apparently on the same friendly terms with Everard as ever, and had him often at her home, and when, as a crowning act, she made a little dinner party from which Josephine was omitted, the people began to whisper together that there was something wrong with the fair Josephine, and gradually a cloud not larger than a man's hand began to show itself on the lady's horizon.

But small as it was, Josephine discovered its rising, and fought it with all her power, even going so far as to insinuate that jealousy and disappointment were the causes of Miss Belknap's coolness towards her, and when she found that this made no impression she talked openly of the great impropriety there was for a young lady to allow the attentions of a man who had a wife, even if he did not live with her, and cited the number of times when she knew Everard had spent his evenings at the Elm Park in company with Beatrice.

But this, too, fell powerless and dead, except among a few of the lower class who seize upon such things as rich morsels of gossip, but who could no more injure Beatrice than they could turn the channel of the river from its natural course.

For a time, however, Josephine held her ground with a tolerably large party in her favour as opposed to Everard, but when early in June the new hotel was filled with holiday people, many of them gay, reckless young men, ready for any excitement, she began to show her real nature, and her assumed modesty and reticence slipped from her like a garment unsuited to the wearer.

How she managed it no one could guess, unless, as Agnes was wont to express it, "she made eyes at them;" but in less than two weeks she knew every young man stopping at the Belknap House, as it was named in honour of Beatrice, and in less than three weeks she had taken them all to drive with her, or had ridden with them, and Forrest House was no longer lonely for want of company.

The doors stood open till midnight, and young men lounged on the steps and in the parlours, and came to lunch and dinner, and the rooms were filled with cigar-smoke, and the bottles of wine which had

been put up and labelled with so much care disappeared rapidly from the cellar, and Bacchanalian songs were sung by the half-tipsy young men, and toasts were drunk to their fair hostess, whom they dubbed "Golden Hair," and called an angel to her face, and at her back, among themselves, a brick, and even the "old girl," so little did they respect or really care for her.

And Josephine was quite happy again and content. It suited her better to be fast than to play the part of a quiet, discreet woman, and so long as she did not overstep the bounds of decency, or greatly outrage the rules of propriety, she argued that it was no one's business what she did or how much attention she received.

As Axie had predicted, the real colour was showing through the whitewash, and people began to understand in part the reason why Everard was becoming so grave and reserved, and even old in his appearance, with a look upon his face such as no ordinary trouble could ever have written there.

And still so powerful was even the name of Forrest in Rothsay, and so much weight did it carry with it, that the better class of people, who had at first bowed down before the golden haired beauty, could not altogether ignore their idol, but continued to treat her with a show of respect even after they ceased to feel it for her, and, with a shrewdness which would have done credit to Becky Sharp herself she managed to push her way everywhere, and to be seen often in the best houses where the élite of Rothsay congregated.

She was still in society, and ladies called upon her, and she returned the calls, and affected everything good and womanly in her conversation with them, and half won them to her side again, until they heard of some new orgie at the Forrest House, where wine and cards, and fast young men played a conspicuous part.

And so the summer waned and autumn came and went, and then Josephine discovered that she needed a change of air and place, and decided that a winter in Scarborough was necessary to her health and happiness, and applied to Everard for the means with which to carry out her plan.

Everard had dealt liberally with her during the year, and as far as possible supplied all her wants. At first, however, he did object to the trip as much more expensive than he felt able to meet, but his consent was finally given, and one morning the clerk at the St. James's Hotel wrote upon his books "Mrs. J. E. Forrest and maid, and Miss Agnes Fleming, Rothsay," while a week later there was entered upon another page, "Dr. John Mathewson," and two weeks later still another entry was made, "Mrs. Andrews and family, and Miss Rosamond Hastings."

(To be Continued.)

## A LONDONER'S HOLIDAY.

LONDON is blest with a charming rural site. A hundred delightful places are open to spend a half-holiday in. I can go up the river to Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, Richmond Park, even Windsor; or down the river to Greenwich, Gravesend, Harwich, and Margate. I can take a row-boat for a spin among the reaches, or a steamer for longer trips. I can daily in a canoe on the Serpentine, or the quiet ponds of Battersea Park. I can ramble among the pasture meadows and green hedgerows of Hertfordshire; or the corn-fields and copse-woods of Kent and Surrey.

For the longer trips it is best to make one of the party, and to choose a whole Bank holiday; for my half-holiday I prefer a quiet stroll, with a single companion, or oftener still, alone. It is not necessary to go far from town to enjoy a solitary afternoon ramble. There are rural spots of great beauty to be found not ten miles from town. My favourite haunts lie in the first ridge of the Surrey Hills. I go by train to some suburban station near there. I hurry through the pleasant streets, admiring as I go the pretty villas with their choice gardens, in which the City merchant regales his evening leisure with the flowers and greenery denied him by day in the dingy wilderness of brick. Soon I am clear of the last new cottage, and in the dusty lanes under the leafy elms with the woods and fields all around.

The hedgerows on either side break into sheets of blossom. The crumbling chalky banks are hung with a tangle of wild flowers and brambles. A turn in the road gives me a glimpse of an old manor-house. It stands in an undulating park, shaded with massy clumps of elm and beech. I see the red brick walls with the white window-frames, and the tall chimney-tops, peeping between the black flakes of guardian cedars and the dense shrubberies which flank the lawn. The lawn itself is smooth shaven,

and brilliant with geraniums; but the park is one great flowery threshold to this English mansion. The lush grass, dewy and tender, is ablaze with buttercups and sheets of white daisies. The cattle are standing knee deep amongst them. I can scarcely believe my eyes at sight of this gorgeous show of summer fertility.

## WHICH WILL SHE MARRY?

JOHN MYERS loved Florry Castle, the prettiest and the most bewitching girl in Kent, a place noted far and wide for the beauty and intelligence of its ladies.

Florry's father was the richest merchant in town and John was his clerk.

Now, do not imagine that I am going to repeat the oft told story of the penniless youth who loved a princess; for if you do, you will be disappointed. John was Florry's equal in everything save in one respect.

While she was the most careless, romping, fun-loving young lady in the world—she had attained to the mature age of seventeen—John was the most diffident fellow conceivable, blushing like a girl at everything, always appearing, he fancied, as bashful people are apt to, at the greatest disadvantage whenever he attempted to put his best foot forward, and doubly awkward, he thought, whenever he essayed to utter more than the commonest of common-place expressions to Florry.

Surely he was not handsome, in the general acceptance of the term.

Tall, angular, almost awkward at times, there was very little of gracefulness about him, it is true, and his great sensitiveness led him to think these little disadvantages infinitely more conspicuous than they really were.

But Florry, overlooking all this, and seeing only his blue eyes and wavy brown hair, clustering about a broad high brow, white as marble—pleasant enough things to look upon, surely—noting his constrained, diffident manner when in her presence, and his many odd little attentions to herself and her wishes, and discerning his great love for her through all, at last began to pity him heartily for his want of confidence in himself, and we all know to what tender passion pity is akin.

Once he heard her express a wish to read a book, the last new novel.

It was not for sale where Florry lived, and he wrote to the publishers, directing them to post it to Florry's address.

When he came to dinner one day she sat near a window, turning over the leaves, with the bright sunlight falling in a mellow glow upon her queenly little head.

She looked lovelier than ever just then; and he tried hard to keep back the flush that mantled his face as he saw her for the first time in the enjoyment of his anonymous gift.

"Oh, John," she cried, with a pleasant look in her face that did his heart good, "you know how I have longed to read 'Charlie's Bride,' and now some good fairy has made me twice glad by sending it to me. I'm sure it must have been Mrs. Chester. She's always so thoughtful, and she said she'd not forget me when she returned home."

"I'm very glad you've got the book, Florry," he said simply, but in a strange, constrained sort of way that made her look up.

"Why, John," she said, does anything trouble you?"

"No, Florry," with half-averted face, "why do you ask?"

"Because—"

"Because what, Florry?"

"Nothing."

Then changing the subject, and with a quick, shy glance up at his face, "The book is splendid, John. I could bless the one who gave it!" Then obdurately: "Mrs. Chester is very kind."

Mrs. Chester still.

John turned away.

And so matters went on for a full month, and then Casper Ducoy came to Kent, astonishing all with his handsome face and attire, his lavish expenditure of money, his fast horses, his fast driving, and his fast life altogether.

He was a thorough man of the world, dashing, brilliant, fascinating; and, as far as external appearances went, wealthy; and external appearances go a great way in the country.

Mrs. Digby approved of Casper Ducoy. Mrs. Digby was an oracle.

She was a handsome woman of five-and-twenty, a lively young widow, whose second mourning became her charmingly, and who, some people said—but some people are not to be relied on to any great extent, you know—would not be particularly averse

to trying the marital yoke again, so lightly had she borne it, with a suitable partner, of course.

In company with her late husband the widow had spent several seasons at the various places of summer resort, beside passing a winter in London, and she was considered infallible authority on all matters relating to society at large.

She was pretty, intelligent, dressed in excellent taste, and was believed to have a snug little fortune all her own.

So you see, she was a very nice little bit of femininity, as the world would say. Quite a little company of the élite of the village assembled in the widow's parlour one evening, and Mr. Ducey was the subject of their conversation.

"Yes, Mr. Ducey is a very desirable gentleman," said the widow. "We must welcome him to our circle. He is handsome, witty and accomplished, and—of course he is rich; but that don't matter so much, you know. We met him at Newport three years ago—poor, dear Harry and I."

"How do you like him, Florry?" John Myers inquired one afternoon, as Mr. Ducey whirled past the window in a basket phaeton, nodding gracefully to Florry, and then turning to make some witty remark to Mrs. Digby, who occupied the seat at his side.

The widow laughed, showing every one of her white front teeth to the fullest extent of propriety. She was exultant and her face showed it; and John and Florry and Mr. Ducey saw it; and John and Florry smiled, and so did Mr. Ducey—in a quiet, gentlemanly sort of way.

"Oh, I like him exceedingly well," said Florry, in reply to John's question. "He spent last evening here, and he's going to take me out in the morning for a ride to the lake with that splendid turnout of his. How delightful!"

"Which?" almost savagely—"Ducey or his horses?"

"Both, to be sure;" then saucily, "what a stupid you are, John. I meant the ride."

Florry rode with Casper Ducey the next morning and many mornings thereafter; and John Myers and the widow grew jealous.

Ducey became Florry's constant attendant, accompanying her to concerts and parties, and taking her for boat rides on the lake and long drives over the pleasant country roads.

They walked together, sung together, danced together. In short it came to be a notable fact that Florry Castle and Mr. Ducey were very deeply in love with each other, or were flirting beyond all propriety.

He brought her flowers and music, and read poetry to her in his rich, clear voice—by-and-bye he made love to her in the same voice.

To say that Florry was not charmed with her brilliant cavalier would be in direct opposition to the facts of the case.

All thoughts of poor John Myers were, for the time being, vanished from her mind. She had no time now for odd little chats with him, as of old—perhaps the inclination was wanting also.

John became desperate and resolved one evening to tell her all. He could no longer stand silently by and see matters go on as they had been going on for a few weeks past.

He found her alone in the parlour.

"Florry!" half fearfully.

"Why, John!" with a little start of surprise.

"You have been so shy of me of late. So you have not forgotten me quite?"

"Forgotten you, Florry?" There was a world of reproach in his earnest voice. "I shall never forget you. I—"

"I hope not, John," she interrupted.

Maybe she apprehended what he might have said.

"I have something to tell you. To-day I promised to marry Casper Ducey."

She was cruel, and she knew it.

"It is best so," she thought. "He must know it some time."

"And you love him, Florry?" after a long pause.

"Yes," without looking up.

"Better—better than you could ever love me?"

"I—I think so, John."

His face was pallid, and his voice trembled as he said:

"Then Heaven bless you, Florry, and make you happy. I wish you all joy and peace—now and hereafter."

Never till this moment had she comprehended the full depth of John Myers' love. How nobly self-sacrificing he was—this man who could thus give his heart's idol up to another, because he thought she would be happier with him.

What a world of anguish those few words cost him none could comprehend but himself and another—One that reads all our hearts.

How she pitied him as she thanked him for his kind wishes.

He toiled patiently on at the old, monotonous drudgery in the counting-room, striving to crush his wild, unavailing love, to drown it amid the ceaseless cares of business.

The widow Digby, tired of her futile fishing for the "great catch," as she mentally styled Ducey, put a fresh bait on her hook, and cast her line for Tom Lacy; and as the latter gentleman's heart had long become enslaved by her pretty brown eyes, he was a comparatively easy victim.

Then the widow exulted over little Mabel Townley, who did not care a straw for Lacy, and was satisfied in the proud consciousness that she had a lover, at any rate.

After a while it was arranged to have a grand picnic in Crimp's Grove, a mile out of town. Of course all—that is, all who belonged to the "circle," were expected to attend.

"The Queensbys, the Brodailes, the Thomases, and Mr. Ducey, and Florry and Tom Lacy, beside Dr. Granton and his cousin, Miss Ellis, and ever so many more, are going," said the widow, "and we shall have such a splendid time."

"Of course you will go, John," said Florry.

"Oh, Florry! I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because—because"—hesitatingly, "I have business of importance to attend to at the shop."

"Oh, but you must go, John," persuasively. "It will be the last picnic of the season, and—and you know I am going away soon. Casper insists on my naming an early day for my marriage, and you must go just this once, for my sake; and you need recreation—you are working too hard."

And so he promised to drive over to the grove about the middle of the afternoon—"in time to partake of the refreshments and come home with the rest," he said.

Why Florry insisted on his going she scarcely knew. Maybe she thought he was working himself to death, for he had been looking unusually pale and thin, of late.

At last the all important day came, as most days do, and an eventful day it was, to three at least. Just after dinner the picnic party took up their line of march to the grove, looking not unlike a battalion of hotel waiters, laden as they were with plates and platters, cakes and biscuits, and all the other things that go to make up the delicious array that we see spread out on a picnic table, to please the eye and tempt the palate.

Florry waited a long time for Mr. Ducey. He came at last very late, offering no excuse for his want of punctuality, and acting she thought, very strangely altogether.

He seemed in unusually good spirits that day, however, and all unpleasant thoughts were banished from her mind long before they came in sight of the grove, with its gay banners fluttering merrily from the wide-spreading boughs, and the jolly party gathered in happy groups here and there, or wandering in couples through the shady labyrinth that extended on every side, showing transient views, through the swaying foliage, of the green hills beyond.

By-and-bye John Myers came, looking flushed and heated; but whatever was passing in his mind, he maintained an outward calm.

"I'm so glad you've come," said Florry. "We are enjoying ourselves finely."

Just then word came that the refreshments were ready.

"There's Mabel Townley over there, John, and she looks lonely. Go and wait on her to the table," and the little witch fluttered off, leaving him no alternative but to obey.

The company were just taking their places at the refreshment stands, and Florry stood quite still, looking anxiously around for her escort, who had excused himself a half hour before, and had not yet returned. Five minutes more slipped by, and still he did not come. She felt grieved and mortified. He had never been so neglectful of her before. What could be the matter?

"Where is Mr. Ducey?" some one asked.

His protracted absence was now for the first time generally noticed.

"Yes, where is he?" from a chorus of voices.

"What have you done with your cavalier, Florry?" Mabel Townley broke in. "You must learn to take better care of him in the future."

"He is old enough to take care of himself," said Florry lightly, yet with a very red flush on either cheek.

"Very true," whispered Mrs. Digby confidentially to Tom Lacy. "He's thirty-five, if he's a day. To think of such a chit of a girl as Florry Castle marrying a man old enough to be her father—the idea!"

Mr. Lacy, as in duty bound, agreed with everything the enchantress said.

"We must find him," said somebody. "He may have met with an accident."

And a dozen of the party hastened off in various directions through the grove in search of Casper Ducey. One of the girls found him out at last, as a little ear an attested, and they were all around him in a moment.

He was lying prostrate on the ground, just within the shelter of a little thicket not far away, with his eyes closed and his face looking swollen and purple.

"What is the matter?"

"Is he dead?"

"He's in a fit?"

Three or four of the girls screamed in a breath; the gentlemen looked at him hard, then at each other, but said nothing. Dr. Granton glanced at the red, bloated face, then ruefully at Florry.

"Speak!" she cried, with very pale lips. "Is he dead?"

"Florry," the doctor replied kindly, "it is best to use plain language. Mr. Ducey is intoxicated."

She was silent a moment, standing motionless as marble, staring into vacancy, like one in a dream. Then the pallor in her face gave place to a hot, angry flush, and her black eyes flashed as she answered:

"And this is true?"

There was no denial, and she went on:

"Then he is dead to me. I never wish to look upon his face again. I want him to know how utterly I scorn him after what has happened. Give me a pencil and a bit of paper, John. I will write a few lines for him to read when he comes out of his stupor; then I wish you would take me home."

She had finished in a moment.

"You shall all hear it," she said, bravely. "It is not a love letter."

She stood up in the midst of the excited throng, whose eyes were all fixed eagerly on her resolute little face and read what she had written.

"Mr. Ducey—I scorn and detest you! I never want to see you again!"

FLORENCE CASTLE.

It was very brief, very concise; but it answered Florry's purpose—it was to the point. She bent over and drew something from the breast pocket of her coat. It was a small flask.

Then she rolled the paper up and thrust it through a dainty little ring, which she had slipped from her finger.

Next she drew the stopper, and after emptying the contents upon the grass, replaced it with the roll of paper. Then she put the flask back where she had found it.

"He will discover it there soonest," she said, simply. "Come, John, we will go now."

The grove was deserted in a few minutes, and Casper Ducey, in his inebriated slumber, was its sole occupant.

They never saw him again. His reign was over. One of the places that knew him once knew him no more, and that place was in Kent.

What John and Florry said that afternoon, as they rode home, we will not attempt to conjecture, but certain it is that Mr. Castle gave his sanction to their betrothal that very night. And so John won Florry after all.

M. R.

## THE CATHEDRAL AT STRASBOURG.

STRASBOURG was for many years the capital of the province of Alsace. Its cathedral was commenced in 504, and was a century and a half in building, and during this long period, which had consumed five generations, the labours of the workmen had not been interrupted for a single day. It was built on the site of a famous temple of Mars. The dimensions of the structure are colossal.

As a work of architecture, the Strasbourg Cathedral takes its place among the grandest and most sublime monuments of the Middle Ages. Neither pen nor pencil is able to depict, with due force, the impression which the sight of this temple produces upon the beholder. When we have grasped the effect of it as a whole, and then proceed to examine the single parts of the gigantic edifice, we know not to which to give the preference, to the proud and lofty tower, planned with the most profound knowledge and decorated with the utmost beauty, to the glorious construction of the oblong building, with its harmonious and admirably arranged ornaments, to the lofty, middle nave, with its forest of pillars and colossal windows, filled with stained glass, to the admirable pulpit, adorned with the richest sculpture, to the side chapels with their elaborately decorated vaults, and grave, sepulchral monuments, or to the outer halls, with their innumerable monuments, and to the grand arrangement of the interior and the exterior, and to the art that has decorated it all. Even the coldest mind must feel the fire of enthusiasm and think, as I may never see on earth again.



Its area is four thousand, eight hundred and fifty-two square feet. The spire is four hundred feet high, being higher even than St. Peter's at Rome.

In the four centuries, since it was finished, storm, rain and thunderbolts have beaten against the wondrous structure, but only to display their impotence. More than sixty times has the lightning struck the cathedral-tower, without doing any material damage, and five earthquakes have in vain shaken its firm foundations.

The cathedral was not built without many interruptions; first it was nearly destroyed by fire, then, before it was scarcely completed, it was struck by lightning and burnt to the ground. One hundred priests went through Germany, urging the people to contribute to the rebuilding of the temple, and a golden stream flowed in.

With the Pope's consent, an indulgence was promised to all who would give time or money to the work. It promised forgiveness of all sins, as well of those already committed, as of future ones, for forty thousand years! Each quittance of sin was written on parchment. With the offerings of credulous stupidity, were mixed those of national pride.

So the cathedral was more magnificent than at first it was expected to be, and a wonder of beauty.—C.

### EARLY AND LATE.

How carefully you coax a seedling plant, or rear a cutting; and yet how ruthlessly you cut down the same rank old geranium in November, or fling it among the rubbish!

So with us all—the tender little babe, petted and doted on; see it in old age rooted up and flung away. Oh, the waste of love in infancy, and the utter want of it in second childhood! We pity those old geraniums, remembering their fostered youth; and sad is the contrast between man as a despised weed and the cherished darling he was in childhood.

We never nurse our summer cuttings, nor clear off winter plants without the thought of this; it runs throughout nature; the young creature everywhere is loved and lovable; the old a mere incumbrance and a nuisance. Charles Lamb reasonably grieves that a sucking pig should grow to be a hog—it is a self-experience, a self-sorrow. "Aye, and the first young idea of anything is alike a contrast with its after dull reality—this is the fondled babe and that the pushed-out elder. "Get out of the way, old Dan!" instead of "Welcome, sweet stranger!"

See the difference between the artist's first love of his subject, and its used-up, neglected condition in the loft; how he thought about every harmonising tint in those early days—and now how scornfully is the whole finished picture hidden away near the roof with its face to the plaster.

So with us all—the peasant's fondled first-born finishes by being a kicked-out union pauper; the rooted cutting you are so tenderly transplanting will grow to be a rank thing to be flung away at potting time.

Wee for all such sad changes! Wee for all early beauties, loves, and innocences, blighted into all their absences or opposites; wee to us for cares wasted, and affections utterly perished!

### RICH AND POOR.

I CAN see from my window two houses: one, four stories high and of stone; one, half a story high and of old lumber. Mrs. Richland lives in one; Mrs. Poorman in the other. The lady in the stone house constantly complains of her poverty; she never has half what she wants. The other never complains, and has everything she needs.

You see, Mr. Richland has only ten thousand a year, and Mrs. Richland cannot make display enough to rival her sister-in-law, whose husband has twenty thousand. Mrs. R.—is always pinched. She wants more resplendent diamonds, and a handsomer pair of horses, and more dinner parties, and as many dresses as a queen of fashion; and she is very unhappy. Whereas, Mr. Poorman is making eight shillings a day, and his wife has a black silk dress and a merino shawl for Sundays, and a blue-edged China tea-set; and her boy is at the head of his class in school, and she has all the comforts of life. She boasts of her prosperity and is extremely happy.

Mrs. Richland bewails her poor circumstances, and leads her husband a dreadful life with sick headaches and hysterics—especially before the watering-place season; and though the tax-gatherer might not believe it, the woman whose husband has eight shillings a day is the rich one, while the other is very, very poor.

M. K. D.

### "A WORM IN THE BUD."

THERE are some people who have, so to speak, a talent for self-surrender. There are others again who, if they nerve themselves to an act of self-immolation, make themselves so intensely disagreeable in consequence as completely to mar the effect. There are different degrees of affinity between Duty and her votaries.

Courtney Von Der Welt was about to do what she considered her duty. She was agreeing to see no more of a young man whom she had endowed with all manner of ideal perfections. But her mother disapproved of Richard Carroll, and, from her stand point, with reason in the disapproval.

Richard inhabited the region of Bohemia, and Mrs. Von Der Welt disliked the latitude. She considered it a great waste of time for a daughter of hers to spend a morning listening to Mr. Carroll's manuscript verses, or an evening practising duets with him. It was all nonsense; and when Mrs. Von Der Welt had said a thing was all nonsense there was an end of it.

The hot tears rolled down Courtney's cheeks, as she stood in front of the grate and stared in at the red coals, and listened to her mother's views. She did not agree with them; and yet she meant to accept them. It was her mother who uttered them. Her obedience to her mother's wishes was her paramount obligation. But still she did not yield gracefully.

It was with a hard, dry voice that she said, "Very well. I'll not see Mr. Carroll again. I would rather have him turned from the door, than admit him and have him find out he is unwelcome." And she rang the bell, thinking, "I am glad he has never told me in so many words he loves me, and that he can't be sure I care for him."

Then to the servant who answered her summons, "I expect Mr. Carroll here this morning. When he comes, say that I begged to be excused. And say this whenever he comes, after this."

Said Uncle Ralph, wondering, "Yes, miss." He so wondered, in truth, that he took occasion to put on coal and rake the fire down, in the hopes of gleaming some explanation of this strange order, from the conversation of his ladies. But Courtney was mute, and Mrs. Von Der Welt went on with her novel, and the servant withdrew.

Of course Courtney could have smoothed matters over, and dismissed Mr. Carroll gradually; but there was a strong element about her which courted catastrophes. As a natural sequence, these were preceded and supplemented by dead calms, stagnant as to emotion and feeling.

She waited, standing erect and wretched, in front of the grate, until Mr. Carroll had come and gone; then she went upstairs, put on her hat and cloak, and walked until she was ready to drop. She wanted to sleep that night.

As exit Courtney from the back parlour, enter her sister Linda—Rosalind was the name given her. She is, upon the whole, not so handsome as Courtney; but then to-day Courtney is not in her best looks, and Linda would have borne away the palm from her anywhere. Linda is graceful and stylish and well-dressed always; whereas, these things with Courtney are the exceptions to the rule.

Linda is an admirable terms with life; she is gay, she is vivacious; she comes into the room with her head erect and her mouth set into a becoming smile, and with—shall I say?—the well-accentuated walk of the period. She dropped into a chair now, and drew off her gloves.

"Where's Courtney, mother dear? I met Mr. Carroll coming away from here."

"Courtney very sensibly refused herself to Mr. Carroll."

Mrs. Von Der Welt did not look up from her book. Linda's face relaxed. Her mobile mouth twitched a trifle nervously. She pushed up her veil, whereby you perceived that the very delicate colour on her cheeks was also an unwavering colour.

"Don't you think that it is a pity, mother dear?"

"Courtney is capable of deciding for herself in these things. Besides, it is a great deal better to get rid of this young man's attentions, if she is going to encourage General Sylvester."

"Do you think that General Sylvester is in love with Courtney?"

"I think he would be, if she would allow it." Linda strolled up to the looking-glass, and studied

the effect of her hat without a veil. On reflection she pinned it on again, over her bright, wavy chestnut hair and laughing blue eyes. Perhaps there was a touch more colour than usual in her face to-day. Then she unpinned a little bouquet from the front of her polonaise, and leaning over her mother's chair, gave it to her with a kiss.

"There's a tea-rose in it. I know you like tea-roses," she said.

Linda had caught sight of a bill in her mother's work-basket, made out in characters, to be so much; familiar. She desired to postpone any reference to this subject by her timely floral presentation.

But Mrs. Von Der Welt said, "Thank you," drily. Then, "I wish to speak to you, Linda. It is about this bill. It is from Trifle & Co. All these things are charged to you. I have implored you not to run up bills in this way. It is as much as I can do to meet my expenses as it is; and with these constant drains upon me—"

"I am very sorry," Linda said, humbly. "Really, I had not the faintest notion it would be so much; and I thought I could pay it out of my allowance; but I can't now. Miss Screw charged me so abominably for those last dresses she made me," Linda added. "I am so sorry;" and kissed her mother again, in a coaxing way that was very taking.

Mrs. Von Der Welt relented, and returned the kiss. However, she added, "There is another thing, Linda: I do wish you would not flirt as you do. I disapprove of it so highly. And girls who flirt never marry. A girl a man flirts with is pretty sure not to ask to marry him."

"Oh, dear!" Linda gave a somewhat artificial, yet a light-hearted laugh. "You don't know how hard I try not to. Well, darling, I'll make you a promise. I won't flirt for a month. Will that relieve your mind?"

"I'll see whether you keep it, first." But Mrs. Von Der Welt was thawed. She laid down her book. "Tell me where you have been this morning."

Linda gave her a sketchy account of her adventures. She was very clever and amusing. Her mother enjoyed her good times almost as much as the girl had done herself.

That evening General Sylvester called. Mrs. Von Der Welt and Linda were in the parlour. Courtney, on being notified, made her appearance after a leisurely interval. Meanwhile, Linda and the guest had begun a game of cribbage. Courtney produced a shawl-bag she was embroidering, and, undigged as it may have been, reviewed the morning and sulked.

After awhile, General Sylvester contrived to push cribbage to the wall and engage in general conversation. It was not long before he had narrowed the conversation down to a tete-a-tete between himself and Courtney. There was a fascination in trying to make her look up at him with those splendid, flashing midnight eyes of hers. He succeeded in talking Courtney into a better humour by the end of the evening.

"He is a very agreeable man," said Mrs. Von Der Welt, when he had gone.

"Talks too much," said Linda, yawning, walking across the room meanwhile, and looking back over her shoulder, to observe the effect of her train.

"Oh, that is only because he does not talk to you," commented Mrs. Von Der Welt, who could rarely resist the temptation to sting even her favourite daughter.

"Pshaw!" cried Linda, laughing. "As if I cared! I don't want to talk to him."

But Linda did care, all the same. She had made up her mind, being at this time twenty-one, that she would be better off married. And, upon the whole, General Sylvester was the most eligible person she knew of. He had money and position and brains. Linda was ambitious. She had never intended to throw herself away, as Courtney desired to do.

However, General Sylvester made no secret of his preference for Courtney. He called to take her to drive; he sent her flowers; he brought her books to read. Upon the whole, Courtney liked him. It would have been hard to dislike so polished and consummate a man of the world.

One day he brought a new magazine, and finding Courtney out, stopped to exchange words with Linda, who was lost in the depths of an easy-chair, reading the last new novel. Linda reached out her hand for the monthly in his hand.

"Ah!" she said, "Courtney will like to see this," laying the paper open. "Richard Carroll's, you know. It seems to be a serial. Have you read it?"



[LOVE THE CONQUEROR.]

"No; I prefer—" Here he said what we all of us say about serials, and then turn around and read them all the same; adding, "Is Mr. Carroll a friend of Miss Courtney's?"

"A friend? Well, a little more than kind and less than kin might express it. But Courtney would not like my saying that. Forget it."

"This seems to be well written," turning over a page.

"Oh, yes; Richard Carroll is very clever—very. That is the reason Courtney likes him. She has always said that she is appealed to sooner through her head than her heart."

That was only a suggestion. But you have remarked how a suggestion that has once struck root spreads and grows. A thousand little affinities develop themselves in the soil.

Remarks, hints that would have passed unnoticed before, put on fresh meaning now. Not many days passed before General Sylvester became familiar with the notion that Richard Carroll was Courtney Von Der Welt's favoured lover.

He and Courtney had had an engagement of long standing to take a drive of six miles or so into the country, to pay a visit to a friend. This expedition had been put off from day to day and from week to week, owing to bad weather and bad roads.

Finally, however, the day was fixed, and at the appointed hour General Sylvester made his appearance. But Uncle Ralph, after making a futile search for Courtney, returned with the expression of his opinion that she had stepped out.

"I will wait a while," said General Sylvester, broken by this time to the ways of young ladies in general, and of this young lady in particular, who was no more punctual than accorded with the traditions of her sex.

But having waited twenty minutes to him entered

—not Courtney the Indifferent, but Linda the Smiling.

"Can you give me an account of your sister?" he inquired. "We have a twelve miles' ride before us before dark, and she has not put in an appearance. Uncle Ralph says she is out."

"Is it possible she has forgotten her engagement with you? Was it an engagement?"

"I was under that impression."

"I have just come from the Art Gallery. I went there with Fanny Head to see Gerome's picture that is on exhibition. You haven't seen it? It's very fine. Richard Carroll was there, prowling about among the pictures. He came up to me and asked me what had become of Courtney. I said the last I had seen of her she was eating her second roll at breakfast. Then he waxed wrathful; said he had an engagement to meet her at the Art Gallery at one; and here he was, and here she wasn't. Just as if it was my fault!"

And Linda laughed and pulled off her gloves and tossed them on the table.

General Sylvester rose.

"I imagine that Miss Courtney is fulfilling her engagement with Mr. Carroll by this time."

"Yes, I conclude so. I declare it's abominable, though, that Courtney should have forgotten you."

"It has probably been a misunderstanding," said General Sylvester, rising.

Linda extended her little white hand with a pretty air of deprecation, as who should say:

"I'm afraid you will think us all very rude people."

She even accompanied General Sylvester to the parlour door; nay, when he opened the hall door she strolled out and stood on the threshold, with her hand up to her eyes to keep off the glare of the sun.

"What a very lovely day it is," she said, softly.

It was one of those rare, soft April days, full of prophesies. On the sidewalk he turned back.

"Does time hang heavy on your hands, as it does on mine, Miss Linda? Won't you drive with me?" Linda accepted readily.

"Oh, thank you. You are very good. I would love to go."

She was equipped for the street, so he helped her in then and there, and a charming drive they had.

General Sylvester was in a mood to appreciate Linda. He said to himself, after bidding her adieu, that she suited the day—so fresh, so artless, so bright.

Courtney was playing an air from Norma as Linda came in from her drive. Linda went straight into the parlour.

"Oh, Courtney! There you are! What on earth became of you? General Sylvester waited and waited. At last he gave you up. Then he drove me a little way."

"I was detained. I went to take some jelly to old Mrs. Hubbard, and she was worse than usual; and she begged me to stay to read to her, and I stayed longer than I realised, until I looked at my watch on my way home."

Linda glanced sharply at her sister. Not a word of Richard Carroll. Just then Uncle Ralph presented two or three letters someone had brought in from the post-office.

"One for me, one for you, Courtney, one for mother."

Linda's quick eye recognised Richard Carroll's handwriting on Courtney's.

"Fahaw! Only Nelly Somes' wedding-cards! What is yours, dear?"

Courtney lay her letter open to inspection on the piano. Why she did so she could hardly have said. Read it, if you choose."

And Linda read:

"MY DEAR MISS COURTNEY,—Unless you have fore sworn my acquaintance, will you not permit me to say a word to you at the Art Gallery to-morrow at one o'clock? If you are not there I shall conclude that, in some mysterious way, I have incurred your lasting displeasure. I would have made this request in person, were it not that my efforts of late to see you at your own house have been so singularly unsuccessful. I hardly think that you will refuse the request made you most earnestly by your friend always,  
RICHARD CARROLL."

"Poor Richard; the fates were against him," Linda said. "Dated yesterday, you see. I met him to-day in the Art Gallery, going up and down like a raging and roaring lion."

"Dated yesterday? So it is," Courtney folded the note, a shade paler, and with a dull pain at her heart. But she said to herself as she struck a new chord, "It is as well, perhaps. Still, I am sorry that he thinks me unkind or rude."

Linda fitted upstairs, singing. What was it she had told General Sylvester? She really could not quite remember. Something very like the real state of the case, at all events.

So she dismissed the subject from her mind, with the final wonder whether Courtney would have met Richard Carroll at the Art Gallery if she had received his note in time.

The next day came a note to Linda from General Sylvester, asking her to drive with him. And after that, Linda and General Sylvester were together a great deal, day after day.

"You appear to have forgotten your promise, Linda," her mother said to her, meeting her on the stairs, one night, equipped for the opera, General Sylvester awaiting her in the parlour.

"My promise? Oh, not to flirt for a month. But the month is up. Besides, I'm not flirting now. I'm in dead earnest. I only hope he is as much so."

"I do not believe he is serious," returned Mrs. Von Der Welt, irresistibly cynical. "Look at the devoted attentions he paid Courtney at one time. He is only amusing himself. Depend upon it, he is looking out for a rich wife. They all are."

"They are as bad as the girls," laughed Linda, with her theatrical little laugh, of which, however, her fond mother had never detected the artificial ring.

Then Linda put her arm around Mrs. Von Der Welt, and kissed her, and went on her way.

Mrs. Von Der Welt looked after her, and thought how attractive she was, and how engaging. She only wished Courtney was half as sweet.

A day or so after that Linda met Richard Carroll. She stopped and held out her hand.

"How do you do? What a stranger you have become. Where have you been keeping yourself?"



"I have been spending a goodly portion of my time in fruitless ringing of your door-bell."

"Mine? You mean Courtney's, do you not? Have you and she had a falling out?"

"Not to my knowledge. And yet I am apparently suffering from its ill effects."

Linda made a bold stroke.

"Mr. Carroll, you have heard, of course, that life is thorny and unreal and vain; and also that whispering tongues may poison truth. Why don't you waylay Courtney, and make her tell you what particular poison has been used in this case?"

"Apparently Miss Courtney Von Der Welt is invisible."

"She is devoting herself to good works, at present, with assiduity. She goes to read to a certain old Mrs. Hubbard every day at noon. This old lady is the original of the famous personage of that name, so well known in fiction; she dwells at No. 10, Green Street."

Richard made a mental memorandum of all this. He also stared at Linda, in order to get at some inkling of her motive.

But Linda met his gaze with tranquil smiles. Being a person of exceeding directness, all that occurred to him to say to her in reply was:

"I will walk in that direction to-morrow. Thank you. You—where are you going now?"

"To buy myself a pair of gloves. Good-bye. This is my destination," and she waved him off.

It was no miracle that Richard and Courtney met the next day. Richard read at a glance that Courtney was utterly unprepared for the meeting. Perhaps if she had been she would have been better equipped to stem the tide of Richard's passionate avowal of love. As it was, she listened to him, and she did not deny that she cared for him in return.

But, on the other hand, she told him that she could enter into no engagement with him, in the face of her mother's openly-expressed disapproval; that she could not see him; that she could not communicate with him in any way.

"I do not want to turn the greatest blessing of my life into an argument for daily dissension," Courtney said, hurriedly.

"Very well. I can wait. Time will right this as well as other things. And now that I have talked to you, it will be easier to possess my soul in patience."

When Courtney next saw her mother she said:

"Mother, I met Mr. Carroll to-day. We do not intend to see anything of each other for the present, in deference to your wishes; but, we—care for each other."

Mrs. Von Der Welt uttered a suppressed exclamation of utter disgust; far more than that disapprobation.

In due course of time a little scene was transacting in the Von Der Welt library between other lovers twain.

General Sylvester was seated on a sofa beside Linda. There was a pause in the conversation, which he broke by greatly taking one of her hands in his. She attempted to withdraw it with a saucy smile, but his closed over it.

"I want to tell you something," he said. "Let me hold your hand until I have done."

"Is it an interesting something?"

"Profoundly so, to me. Every day—"

"Will it take you long to tell it? I will time you. I give you ten seconds," and Linda drew out her watch.

"I love you. It is a short story, and yet a long one. May I go on?"

Linda turned her charming, laughing face upon him.

"Yes—you may," she said.

The very next morning, on her way to her dress-maker's, she met the only other man with whom, in the course of her chequered career, she had not deliberately flirted.

This was Howard Stanton, whom she had not seen since his marriage to Miss Orr, six months ago.

He had just returned from a bridal tour. He crossed the street, and Linda and he exchanged autobiographies briefly. It was a lovely, lovely day.

"Can't you walk on?" he suggested, with the old, persuasive voice.

There is always one woman to whom one man's voice is the most persuasive in the world. Linda hesitated. The dressmaker; an engagement at two with General Sylvester. It was one now.

"Only as far as the bridge," Howard said. "For the sake of old times."

They walked as far as the bridge. They leaned over and looked at the beautiful, hurrying water, as they had so often done before in each other's

company. They walked slowly up and down. Suddenly the bells clanged two. Linda started.

"I must go. I have an engagement."

And she fairly ran her companion off his feet until they had reached the corner of the street where the Von Der Welt lived.

Then she made him leave her. She had a presentiment that General Sylvester would be watching for her at the window, as he was.

She ran into the parlour, all smiles and pleasure at seeing him. Her mother was seated near the window, filling up a pair of slippers.

"You naughty child," she said, glancing up. "General Sylvester has been waiting for you three-quarters of an hour. However, I suppose that, in justice, Miss Scrow should be blamed, not you."

Linda made a charming little grimace.

"Oh, these dressmakers!" she returned. "These dreadful dressmakers!"

Thus having disposed of the question she now applied herself with delightful abandon to the entertainment of General Sylvester.

Having noted the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stanton at the hotel, the Misses Von Der Welt called upon Mrs. Stanton in due form. Immediately afterwards Mrs. Stanton left town to pay a visit to her father and mother.

Mr. Stanton remained, and, remaining, he fell into the habit of spending the greater part of his time at Mrs. Von Der Welt's, as in days of yore.

It was in vain for Mrs. Von Der Welt to expostulate and disapprove. Linda persisted in carrying her point, and receiving Mr. Stanton.

Only Mrs. Von Der Welt could not fail to admire the admirable tact which her daughter displayed in so ordering times and seasons that her lover of the past and her lover of the present rarely if ever met.

But when General Sylvester was suddenly called away on business, all restraint was removed from Mr. Stanton's coming and going. It was as though it were a year ago, before Miss Orr and General Sylvester had appeared on the scene.

"Linda! Linda!" her mother expostulated; "recollect how much is at stake. General Sylvester is not a man to be trifled with. If this comes to his ears—"

And Linda said, sharply:

"I am not an idiot. I know what I am about, mother. I mean to be happy now, if I never am again. General Sylvester has written me word that he is coming home this afternoon, and that he will be here to-night. But I do not mean to see him. I have promised to go to the theatre with Howard; to-morrow his wife comes, and he will be tied to her side. So I shall write General Sylvester a sweet little note, which Uncle Ralph will hand him when he comes, in which I will tell him that I have a dreadful headache, and can't come downstairs. You may see him, however, if you choose, and endorse my statement. I wish you would. You and he always have so much to say to each other. I know he would enjoy the chat."

"Linda!" cried Mrs. Von Der Welt, "I implore you, I command you."

"Mother I have quite made up my mind. It is useless to waste words. But you will see into what an exemplary wife I will settle down, one of these days."

Linda wrote her note, and General Sylvester read it; and after having spent an hour or so with Mrs. Von Der Welt, he roamed the streets for another hour or so.

Suddenly the air was startled by a cry of fire. He hurried with a rapidly-gathered throng in the direction of fast-ascending smoke and flames. The cry was that the Opera House was on fire.

Meanwhile, Linda and Howard sat in front of the stage, and watched the scenes shift and the actors come and go with but a partial interest.

They were far more engrossed with the confused, wretched drama of their own lives. In a moment that same cry of fire.

But the alarm was not given until the fire-fiend had swept down in the very midst of the crowd assembled in the theatre. He had slain his tens and his twenties almost as soon as he was named. Besides which, in the fatal confusion and horror that crowded upon the mere hint of danger, the weaker and less active in the throng were thrown down and trampled under foot.

In the intense desire of all to lead the flight, the doors of exit were speedily blocked. The flames swept down upon the retreat, urging a still more frantic rush to the outer air.

How Linda and her companion gained the street at last I cannot say. It was all a blank of awful, expectant uncertainty to themselves until Howard

pulled Linda out on the sidewalk, panting, breathless.

She was brave by nature; she was overwrought now, but not panic-struck. She looked up into her companion's face with her ready smile, that had for its motive now her reassuring.

Screams of fright and agony behind them. Men and women perishing in the flames. It was a horrible road to travel to the inevitable.

They had paused only a quarter of a second perhaps to draw breath. But in that flash of time a beam from the burning theatre crashed to the ground.

It grazed Linda's graceful head in its descent. She staggered, reeled, fell into Stanton's arms. He lifted her easily, and ran—for life.

But when he halted down the street, and, supporting himself against the wall of a house, tried to rouse her, she was completely stunned and insensible.

He shuddered. Was she dead?

She lay with a half-smile on her lips; nay, with a bright flush on her cheeks that mocked and was mocked in its turn by this semblance of the King of Terrors, and his heart stood still as he looked at her.

This child of the world had been wise in her generation. Was the Destroyer now stamping her wisdom as foolishness?

She looked a fair Falsehood, not consumed by this one way of death, but revealed by the other.

And at this crisis General Sylvester, hurrying by, paused, recognising Linda. It was not a time for indignation; consternation swallowed up every other feeling.

It was not until General Sylvester had assisted Stanton in carrying Linda home, and had placed her in her mother's arms, that he permitted himself a pang of wounded pride.

It was a long while before Linda revived. At first the doctors who were called in thought it doubtful whether life would struggle back at all.

In that awful period of suspense General Sylvester realised what it would be to lose this girl to whom he had given his heart.

She had deceived him—to what extent he could not bear to conjecture—but he loved her, yes, he loved her. If he had been confronted with her deceit, she in the strength of her youth and health, he would have found it hard to forgive her. It would be an easy matter now, if death would leave him anything to forgive!

As soon as there was a return of consciousness Stanton reluctantly left the house; there was no mistaking Mrs. Von Der Welt's frigid disapproval. He roamed the streets through the remaining hours of the night, and in the dismal gray of the morning, like a guilty creature, haunting the neighbourhood of the Von Der Welt's, and waylaying any one coming out of the house for news of Linda.

But General Sylvester did not for an instant abandon his right to remain near Linda. Nay—when she opened her eyes, his was the first face that rested on. She looked about her vaguely, stupefiedly; then she struggled up to a sitting position; as it happened, in front of a mirror.

The reflection of her own features shocked her into uttering a cry. Was this the face she had so carefully adorned as for a carnival a few short hours before? Such a poor pale face, with its staring, glassy eyes—insulted by the artificial colour that had been streaked here and there by hasty applications of cologne and water.

Linda caught a handkerchief and raised it to her face; then her strength failed her, and she sank back upon the pillows of her sofa, shedding weak tears of distress.

She was weak and ill for days after that; exceedingly irritable also and peevish, as sickness was wont to make her. During this time Howard Stanton came and went; and General Sylvester came and went; but she refused to see either. She felt as though she never wished to see Howard again—and as for General Sylvester, could he come to see her again except to bid her good-bye?

It was a strange thing that in that sudden recognition of herself in the mirror she had been confronted not only by her own natural face in the glass, but by all the shame and deceits of her life as well. And she had taken several steps down into the Dark Valley; and the atmosphere of that valley is a great revealer.

She discovered in this crisis of awakening what she might otherwise have found out only through long years of trouble—that Howard Stanton could not fill her heart. He had proved himself as weak and false as she had been herself.

Finally she nerved herself to the interview with General Sylvester, which, she said to herself, would be the last. She went down to him as white as the

wall, and gave him a hand as cold as ice—which he kissed as he arranged a chair for her.

"Why do you kiss my hand?" she said, with trembling voice, snatching it away. "And why do you look at me in that way? You know that you despise me."

"No," he said, "I do not despise you. I love you."

"You love me? You say so, even when you know that I deceived you, that I made mother deceive you?"

"No," he said, "I can only guess this as yet. I want you to tell me yourself how it all came about. Will you?"

"I knew Howard Stanton first—Oh, long ago, before he was married. He was my first love. I thought he cared for me—I was sure of it. Then he married—a rich girl. You have heard of it?"

"Yes, I believe I have."

"I was very unhappy—but then my pride was wounded, and that helped me to make the best of it. He should not hear that I was heart-broken and pale—and gone off. I always did love life, and I found that I could go on enjoying myself almost as much as ever. I really thought I had forgotten him. Then you came."

"And I fell in love with you."

"No,—no! That was not it at all. You liked Courtney at first a great deal better than you did me. I don't know how much, I am sure—"

She said this in a vexed tone, and came to an abrupt standstill in her confessions. General Sylvester laughed in spite of himself.

"I assure you I am not going to tell you," he said.

Whereupon Linda rallied.

"Oh, well," she continued, "There was some one else Courtney liked better, so it did not matter. Some one that mamma disapproved of, and whom Courtney never saw. I contrived that Courtney should see him. Courtney does not know that it was my doing to this day."

"But why—why were you so anxious to bring them together?"

Poor Linda put up her hand to her head.

"Because—I told you—"

"No, I think not."

"I can't say it. I never have put it into words. It seems so mean and unladylike."

"Then shall we skip that part?"

"When you found that Courtney really never had any time to talk to you, you began to take notice of me. Do you remember that first drive?"

"Yes, my child—"

"Why, how strange it is! I am trying to tell it all to you, just as it happened, and yet you are just the same!"

"You have not succeeded in hopelessly blackening yourself yet."

"But I am such a bad, deceitful girl—indeed I am. Still, when you proposed to me, and I accepted you, I was overjoyed—I was honoured. I felt that I was not near good enough for you. I really and truly tried to make up my mind to tell you all this then; but somehow I never could. I was afraid you would despise me. Oh, I wish I had."

"So do I, my dear child."

"But you believe me now? You know it is exactly as I say?"

"Yes, Linda, I believe you."

"Then you went away, and Howard came back. I liked you—I admired you; I had been happy with you; but somehow, when I saw him again, I forgot you. Let me tell you how it was. I had not expected to find Howard the same; but he had not changed one bit. He looked at me in the same way; there was the same tone in his voice. I could see that he still loved me. At least, he had the same feeling for me that he used to have. Perhaps I ought not to call it love; but, at any rate, it was all the love he was capable of."

In spite of himself, General Sylvester felt a thrill of relief. He was determined to be patient, to be indulgent; but he had hardly expected Linda to make this admission.

"It all came back," the girl went on. "You know it has been said that there is no fanaticism like the fanaticism of the heart. I gave up myself to being happy with him for just a few days. I made up my mind that when I married you I would never see him again. You were away for a while, and then he was with me constantly. Mother remonstrated, but I have always had my own way with mother. I had it then. She begged of me not to go to the theatre that night, but I would go, and I persuaded her to see you and explain."

"Then she knew?"

"Oh, yes, yes. I thought she had told you this."

But it was all my fault. I insisted. Then—that's all. I see things now just as they are. It seems to me I have been under a spell. Oh, if you will only forgive me, and then try to forget me, I will be so glad. I was never worthy of you. I see it so distinctly now. Howard was weak and selfish and worldly, just like myself, and so I thought I liked him best."

"You thought?"

"Yes—yes—it was all a mistake."

"Then, Linda, tell me truly; do you care for me at all?"

For all answer she burst into tears.

"Shall we begin all over again?" he urged.

"Can you trust me?" she managed to ask, presently.

And he told her, what he firmly felt, that he could trust her fully. She had obtained a great victory over herself.

So delighted was Mrs. Von Der Welt at this reconciliation that it disposed her charitably towards her daughter Courtney's lover. Before long he was an accepted suitor. Linda and Courtney were married on the same day. M. L.

## FACETIE.

APPROPRIATELY Cooling Drink at the Kennel Club Show—Dog's-nose. —Funny Folks.

"TIP-ICAL Developments"—In the detective case —Funny Folks.

New Mode of Spelling Adopted by Russian Geographers—The Baulk-ans. —Funny Folks.

EXCELLENT Name for a Painted-up Turkish Belle —Henna-rietta. —Funny Folks.

ABOVE Their Station—Passengers arriving at the Underground "shoots." —Funny Folks.

## VOLUNTEERING.

AN official return of a village rifle-corps shows that there are twelve officers and fourteen privates. The return does not explain this preponderance of privates. —Funny Folks.

## AXE AND DEEDS.

MR. GLADSTONE evidently believes in the old proverb concerning deeds and words. Visitors to Hawarden find him as ready with his axe as his speeches. —Fun.

## ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

SIR JAMES: "Paper not come, John? How's that?—how's that? In these stirring times we ought to have the 'Times' betimes, John."

JOHN: "Yes, sir; or we might have it by 'Telegraph,' sir." —Fun.

## DEATH IN THE POT.

A YOUNG agricultural gentleman has committed suicide because his tea was not to his liking.

"He was under the influence of drink," adds the reporter.

We fancied it was the D Tea that did it. —Fun.

## A MAN OF METAL.

THE Premier has had a keen eye to the welfare of the Navy in appointing the new First Lord of the Admiralty. The best guarantee for their safety lay in entrusting the iron ships to a Smith. —Funny Folks.

## ASS IT APPEARS.

THE "Times" reports the peculiarities of a very large donkey. This should have been inserted under the head of "Assize Intelligence." —Fun.

## A SLIPPERY SUBJECT.

BUS DRIVER (to gent): "What do I think of these 'ere French 'orrees? Well, they hain't got no 'eart in 'em. Why, if one goes down it takes a whole division of police and a Hact o' Parliament to get 'im hup again." —Fun.

## NOT ON ALL FOURS.

A FARRIER, if he makes shoes for a horse, uses wrought iron. A horse, if left to itself, often casts its shoes. So a farrier may work hard and yet not work like a horse. —Funny Folks.

## NICE FOR THE YOUNG HUSBAND.

NEWLY-MARRIED WIFE (anxiously to stranger just going to bathe): "Pray excuse me, sir, but this

is my husband, and he is going into the sea, and as I see you are as well, may I ask you to be good enough to give a look after him in case he should get out of his depth? Besides, I think he is a little timid of the water." —Judy.

TENNYSOONIAN.—It is quite immaterial from a poetical point of view whether you describe your heroine's nose as "snubulous," "snubbeform," or "snubhaceous." —Funny Folks.

TIM complains that in spite of his vigilance his butcher always contrives to put him off with short weight. Well, that can be done in various weighs. —Funny Folks.

## A KNOWING DOG.

(Scene: On the Moors.)

COCKNEY SPORTSMAN: "I say, keeper, what's the matter with this dog of yours? He will get between my legs!"

KEEPER: "Ah, sir, he's a knowing 'un, he is. He's seen your firing, and knows that's the only safe place." —Funny Folks.

## NEW HUMOUR.

A JOKE that was somewhat "delayed in transmission," in re the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, got itself delivered at our office the other day after this fashion:

"Strange, isn't it, that the First Lord should be the last Lord, after all?"

And, with an interval of some hours for reflection and reflection, we subsequently replied:

"Ah—yes! quite so! Ha! ha!" and grinned horribly a ghastly grin. —Fun.

THE Obviousst Joke of the Time.—Advice to Scotland Yard.—Don't let this sort o' thing o-Kurr again. —Judy.

## TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

CABBY (indignantly holding out shilling): "Come, I say, what d'ye call this 'ere?"

FACETIOUS FARE: "'Heads!'—so it is! Hand over!"

(Objections.)

—Punch.

## FOR CANTABS.

"SMITH'S Prize" for 1877.—Appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty. —Punch.

## MARS AND HIS STAFF.

THE two newly-discovered satellites of Mars have been christened General Routine and General Red Tape. —Punch.

## JUST SO.

THE promoters of the Tercentenary festival in honour of Rubens, now being held at Antwerp, have had great difficulty in deciding upon the precise locality where the great painter was born. His parents were just then on a journey, it appears, and says a contemporary:

"The only thing to settle is where his mother was at the time."

It would certainly be strong circumstantial evidence. —Judy.

"THE Nicest Fellows Alive—Oysters."

—Funny Folks.

THE End of a "Fast" Life—Starvation.

—Funny Folks.

## CONTINUOUS BRAKES.

THOSE committed by our housemaid in the execution of her duty. —Fun.

## A MAN AND A BROTHER.

MOSES: "Vell, Sham, vere have you been?"

SAM: "Bin to shee Pongo."

MOSES: "Been to shee Pongo! Much better shopt at home (an' looked in the glass) an' shaved yer money." —Fun.

## UNSEASONABLE AND SEASONABLE.

HOT POLITICIAN (who wants to have an argument, stopping a friend just as he is getting into a cab): "I say, are you for the Turks?"

SPORTING FRIEND (with gun-case): "Blow the Turks! I'm for the Moors." (Drives off to Euston Square.) —Punch.

## NO MISTAKE THIS TIME.

LODGER: "Dear me, Mrs. Cribbles, your cat's been at this mutton again."

LANDLADY: "Oh, no, mum, it can't be the cat. My 'usband says he b'lieves it's the Collierlady beetle." —Punch.



APPROPRIATE AMUSEMENT.

How those interesting convicts, Messrs. Kurr and Benson, might employ their leisure hours—In trying to square the circle. —Judy.

FANCIFUL.

A FAN Exhibition is to take place at Liverpool in October. All the Liverpoolians, as a matter of course, are in a great flutter. —Judy.

With Many Apologies to Mr. William Blades—The press that Caxton knew nothing about: Press of business. —Judy.

"ARS CELARE ARTEM."

This art shows is hiding the missing Gainsborough. —Punch.

MATRIMONIAL NEWS.

THE Rev. T. W. Thomas, who has just been "licensed to the curacy of St. Bride," may now be regarded as completely wedded to his profession. —Judy.

JUST SO.

It will be a good piece of work even for Cleopatra's Needle to make a run from Alexandria to the Thames (H)embankment. At all events, the trial will not be a need(le)less expense. —Funny Folks.

Good Motto for a Grocer—"Honest tea is the best policy." —Funny Folks.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.

Fixing a large clock upon a high church tower and then allowing it to run down.—Funny Folks.

AN ITEM OF INTEREST.

It has been observed that in spite of the general depression of trade the money lenders have been continually making advances. —Funny Folks.

A SLIGHT "MALONGTONGDEW."

(Scene: Havre.)

ANGELINA (reading placard): "There are to be illuminations and fireworks, and they're to finish up with an 'embrasamong g  n  ral.' What can that be?"

EDWIN: "Well, 'embrasamong' means to kiss, so I suppose it means a kind of a general kissing all round."

ANGELINA: "Horrid idea. I won't go near the place, and I'm sure you shan't, Edwin."

(Our readers, who know French better than E. and A., are aware that embrasement, with only one "s," has a totally different meaning.) —Punch.

COCKNEY WIT.

(A good story of the 'road')

ON the way to Epsom on Derby Day a handsome drag passed a costermonger's donkey cart.

"Whip up, my friend," says the genial duke who is driving, smiling at the coster, "or you will be too late for the Derby."

The coster, saluting with his short whip, says, "How do you know I ain't a-going to the Oaks?"

The Oaks is run at Epsom two days after the Derby, and is a more fashionable race. The wit of the rejoinder is as good as Thackeray's reply to Montalembert at the Derby.

The Frenchman noticed on the course several men dressed as sailors, but who were not the genuine article.

"Ah," said Montalembert, "these, I suppose, are some of what you call your British tars?"

"No," said Thackeray, promptly, "they are only Epsom salts."

A STORM is reported from Spain in which the hailstones were eight inches thick. Veritable young icebergs.

STATISTICS.

IRISH REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT: The population of Ireland, though now increasing, makes but slow advance. It is estimated at 5,338,996, or not quite 123,000 more than in 1861. The registers show, in the year 1876, a fraction less than five marriages per 1,000 of population; in England, the ratio was 8.3 per 1,000 persons. In the first quarter of the present year 1877 the death-rate in Ireland was as low as 20.2 per 1,000 per annum; but the birth-rate was only 27.8 per 1,000 living. The registered births exceeded the registered deaths by rather more than 10,000; but more than 6,000 emigrated. The low death-rate is surprising, considering the wretched dwellings of the labouring class in many parts of the country. In the first quarter of the present year Ireland lost 696 persons by fever, 418 others by scarlet fever, 419 by whoop-

ing-cough, 433 by diarrhoea, 272 by measles, 99 by diphtheria, and 25 by small-pox. The weather in the quarter was very wet, the rainfall amounting to 8.134 inches in Dublin, and 17.232 inches at Valentia. The mean temperature was as high as 43.2 degrees at Phoenix Park, Dublin, and 46.2 degrees at Valentia.

A CITY BELLE.

LADY, the night is fair,  
And the light of the stars o'erhead  
Makes the gleam of your golden hair  
Shine out on your snowy bed.  
The flowers you wore at the ball  
Are withered and crumpled, alas!  
For the fresh valley-lilies pall  
In the fume of your lamps and gas.

Is it only your foot and your eye  
Are wearied out with the whirl?  
There is surely more in your sigh  
Than the breath of an idle girl.

You went from your house in the square,  
And the carpet was down on the flags—  
Did you see how your carriage and pair  
Had startled that bundle of rags?  
"She's drunk"—that's all that they said,  
And you leant back again in your brougham.

Did you deem that bundle so dead,  
No pity could dawn on its gloom?

"You know it is sad," you say,  
"But it cannot be helped as we are,  
For hardly a night goes by  
But a woman falls down as a star."  
A woman? Ay, well there is more  
Than rage on that cold pave-stone;  
In the gleam of the ball-room floor—  
Did you think of her looks and tone?

It is easy to dance with the tune,  
And merry to float with the tide,  
But even in the heat of our June  
Some blossoms are drifting aside.  
There are lilies trampled and torn  
In the by-paths even in May;  
Do you think of the hearts forlorn  
That break on the broad highway?

You mean no ill to your kind,  
For that soft hand slipped in your purse  
Will give to street cripple or blind—  
Do they never thank with a curse?

You give to your fair groom-lad  
Spring flowers for his sister in bed;  
You have seen her once. "It is sad  
To live in the mews," you said.  
Poor child, she has come from the fields,  
And doctors say she will die,  
"Consumption will run; though it yields  
For the time, must kill by and bye."

But what of that bundle of rags?  
You smile with a beautiful doubt;  
But the starlight is there on the flags,  
And you, sweet, are home from the rout.

You cannot rest as you are,  
For the very flowers at your feet  
Look up, as with pitiful eyes  
They are calling you down to the street:  
And your beauty, alas for the dower!  
Seems sad in the still cold night;  
You are more than a ball-room flower,  
And angels are with you to-night.

Shine out to the morn, dear Love,  
For the lamps and the stars wax pale;  
Float out as on wings of a dove,  
Fair Pity—Come torrent or gale,  
There is more in the one sweet prize  
Of a sister helpen and well,  
Than in all the fire of your lover's eyes,  
Or the fame of a city belle. —B. C. A.

GEMS.

CONSIDER health as your best friend, and think as well of it in spite of all its foibles, as you can.

THE true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties towards man, to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future, not to amuse ourselves with either

hopes and fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so, wants nothing.

THE children who despise age are likely to receive the retributive justice of being despised by their own descendants.

"DON'T engage in any undertaking if your conscience says no to it. If you do it, you'll be sure to have bad luck.

THE relations who never help you in your poverty, in your prosperity are apt to help themselves.

THE intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves.

LIFT not a foot until you have previously ascertained the nature of the ground on which you are to tread.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

To preserve flowers in water, mix in a little carbonate of soda with the water, and it will preserve the flowers a fortnight. Saltpetre is also good.

CHILDREN'S PUDDING.—Fill an earthen baking-dish with finely chopped apples. Season with sugar and nutmeg; add a little water. Set it on the back of the range until the apples are tender. Then make a crust of one teaspoon of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of baking powder, flour enough to roll out. Lay the crust on top of the apples and bake. To be eaten hot with sweet sauce, flavoured with lemon or vanilla. Other kinds of fruit may be used in the same manner.

FRENCH LOAF CAKE.—Two and one-half cupfuls sugar, one and one-half cupfuls butter, one cupful milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful baking powder, five cupfuls flour, one wineglassful of brandy, one pound raisins, one half-pound of currants, one half-pound citron, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-third cupful of molasses.

CLAM FRITTERS.—Strain the clams from the juice; chop the clams up; beat up three eggs very light; stir in the clams; chop up some parsley, a little salt and pepper; grate some nutmeg; and add these to the clams. Then stir in one pint of cream, and slowly dredge in some flour, until it is of the consistence of fritters. Then have the pan hot, and put in half butter and half lard, as in frying oysters. Let it boil, and drop in a spoonful of the fritter batter. Serve hot. They are very nice for breakfast.

FRIED BREAD.—Pieces of stale bread may be utilised in the following manner: Beat three eggs in a shallow dish; dip the bread in this, and fry in hot butter. If the bread is dry, soak in the milk first. Serve while hot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEARLY one third of the people of France cannot read or write, and there is a general ignorance of the outside world among the population at large, which is disgraceful to a country so centrally situated, and which has played so conspicuous a part in the history of Europe.

A FRENCH lady who is on her first visit to England was walking in Kew Gardens the other day. She was, on the whole, much pleased, but was greatly shocked at the notice, which she read at every turn, that "Bird-nesting is strictly forbidden." "How you are severe and cruel in this country," she at last sorrowfully exclaimed, "that even the little birds may not make their nests in your public gardens!"

THE Paris Prefecture of the Police has fitted up a laboratory for the analysis of wine which the public wine-tasters suspect to be adulterated, and has appointed an analytical chemist at a salary of £320 a year.

It is said that the Princess Thyra of Denmark is engaged to the Crown Prince of Hanover.

AN annual tax of 100 roubles has lately been imposed upon all pianos in Russia.

THE good people of Wimbledon have lately shown some sharpness in dealing with the "vexed question" of street obstructions, for they have called out of the union the tallest of its pauper inmates, made him walk under all the shop-awnings which overhang the pavements, and have fined those which were not high enough for him to pass under.

THE increase of the value of property in the metropolis more than keeps pace with the growth of population. Just one example to illustrate this. The Drapers' Company were the fortunate possessors of a house in Lombard Street, which in 1868 was let at £25 per annum. This year the site let for a ground rent of £2,600 a year, and the enterprising lessee having spent £10,000 in erecting a building upon it, obtains a rental of £7,000 a year, or 55 per cent, profit upon his total outlay.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**THORAX.**—Cooper's Efforescing Lozenges are the most efficacious as well as cheapest alternative that we have met with for the troublesome, tickling sensation that you complain of, and are certainly the best (because the readiest) throat-quenchers before the public. You would do well to keep some by you alike for summer or winter use at concert, ball, theatre, &c. The manufacturer will forward them from 28, Oxford Street, London, W., for 1s. per bottle by post, 1s. 2d.

**FORGET-ME-NOT.**—1. The lady being only twenty-one years old and the gentleman twenty-four, it would for prudential reasons be better for them to wait awhile before getting married, unless the pecuniary position and prospects of both or either are well established. The fact of their being of the same complexion need not be considered where reciprocal love exists, but, being both of "jealous" dispositions, and residing forty miles from each other, that distance between them ought certainly to be maintained. 2. There is no reason why a commercial traveller should not be a good husband. Prolonged separation from his wife is sometimes necessary, it is true, and is no doubt irksome, but their "absence makes the heart grow fonder." 3. Handwriting very fair—above the average. 4. Whether it is prudent or not for a lady to accept the escort of a gentleman to a concert in the absence of her lover depends upon circumstances, the degree of familiarity permissible, the probable opinion of her lover upon the point, &c. Common sense and conscience will direct aright in such matters. No act should be done that is felt to be wrong.

**PHOTOGRAPHER.**—The art of writing in shorthand, or Brachygraphy, was invented, according to Dion. by Megasthenes, or, as others say, by Aquila, his freedman.

**JAMES L.**—Yes, you can raise potatoes from seed and possibly obtain a new and valuable variety, but the process is a somewhat tedious one, as they will need to be replanted several times.

**NOEL.**—The precious metals must have been adopted as a means of exchange very early in the history of humanity. It is, however, absurd to suppose, as you suggest, that primitive coins might be discovered in the "drift." None has been found, even in Assyrian or Egyptian ruins. The historical record of circulating media may be taken to be: Natural products and manufactures, gold, silver, iron, copper, bronze, and paper. The Persians and Lydians used gold first. The Greeks began with silver; as a consequence, in their language, as in modern French, silver and money are synonymous terms. Rome started with copper—hence copper and money are synonymous in the Roman tongue.

**MUSICIAN.**—Undoubtedly the opera had an Italian origin. One of the first pieces introduced into France as a specimen of that union of lyric art and the ballet which had existed in Italy for some time was the "Ballet Comique de la Roynie," produced on the occasion of the wedding of the Duc de Joyeuse and Mlle. De Vaudemont in 1582, by Balazarini, the first violin, valet de chambre, and musical director of Catherine de Medicis. Under the administration of Mazarin the vogue of the novelty increased, and Italian opera, though an exotic, became an institution.

**X. Y. Z.**—The "soft myrtle," as Portia styles it, becomes in some climates a timber tree. Lord Anson tells us that in the island of Juan Fernandez (Cruce's island) he obtained beams 40 feet in length from a tree of this genus.

**JANE.**—No; on the contrary, it is a military term. The word burg, or burgh (the Latin castra), signified a castle, and as the early traders erected their booths under the protection of the defensive edifice, the same name was conferred on their rude colony—hence the "borough," and they the "burghers," or "bourgeoisie."

**A SAILOR.**—The Russian Navy had its origin in a small English sailing sloop which Alexis Michelovitch, who was an aspiring prince, had imported. After his death it was left to forgetfulness and decay, until one day his son Peter chanced to cast his eye upon it. The attention of that marvellous man was immediately attracted. He asked of the foreigners the use of the masts and yards, of even the general purposes of which he was profoundly ignorant, and the explanation he received aroused his

interest and excited his imagination so that in the rotting hulk the master mind saw the germ of a magnificent national marine; and he rested not until he had taken steps to initiate it. The old Dutch pilot whom his father had imported with the sloop was brought from his obscurity, the little vessel rendered seaworthy, and therein the Czar took his first lessons in navigation.

**KATIE.**—Musk was brought into fashion as a perfume by the Empress Josephine.

**BONNIE EDWARDS.**—Side-saddles could scarcely have been "introduced" by Anne of Bohemia, the bride of Richard II., as is commonly stated, seeing that Anglo-Saxon ladies are shown in the old MSS. using similar contrivances some centuries previous. It is a singular fact, however, that the fair ones are always represented as seated on the "right" side of their steeds, in contradistinction to modern usage. The present fashion was probably introduced before the reign of Elizabeth, as in the Great Seal she appears seated on the "left" side.

**BICYCLE.**—Draw up your communication like any one of the matrimonial advertisements on this page, and as soon as possible after its receipt it will be inserted in the usual way.

**D. R.**—You must forward the MS. to the Editor, with name and address.

## CAN I FORGET THE AULD LANG SYNE.

Can I forget the auld lang syne,  
Wha I have fondly ca'd ye mine,  
An' touch o' happy days in store  
To ca' ye mistress o' my name;  
And thus fulfil my boyhood's dream,  
Those days o' love, sae lang talk'd ower.

Hae brightly gleam auld mem'ries green,  
It seems tae me but yestreen  
Syne we met in plighted vow;  
Hae gae us tae the tryin' tree,  
'Aneath its shade wad bide a wee,  
While cashats sang upon the bough.

Eh! was it me, I'maist deid,  
An' a' my hope o' joy noo deid,  
For thou art gane, my winsome flow'r,  
Could I ath hae laid thy beauty low—  
My scalding tears hae freely flow'd,  
This haur wi' pain is amish done.

Noy ye are gane—frae me awa—  
In a' ye're pride and beauty braw,  
I'll ne'er forget thee; my ain luv,  
Your tomb is clad in robes o' green,  
The me, hae warf' seems the scene  
Whiles greeting in this lanely grove.

But we shall meet aboon, I ken,  
An' ilka grief shall vanish then;  
For we shall sing the luvie benign;  
Gie praise for mercies of the past,  
An' safely reach'd a hame at last,  
A hame o' luvie an' joy d'vine.

F. S.

**MALIN D.** fifty-five, a widow, medium height, fair, considered good-looking, would like to correspond with a gentleman about sixty.

**A. W. S. and F. F.,** two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with two respectable young ladies about nineteen.

**FORBES ROYAL TACKE,** a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady. He is twenty, good-tempered, fond of children.

**ARTHUR W. R. C.,** tall, fair, light auburn hair, brown eyes, handsome, fond of home and children, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be fair, good-looking, fond of home and children.

**M. A. A.,** fair, of a loving disposition, fond of home, would like to receive carte-de-visite of a young man about twenty, good-looking.

**ROSE W.,** medium height, fair, brown hair, would like to correspond with a young gentleman about sixteen, medium height, fair.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is proposed to issue at frequent intervals in the

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Biographies of Eminent Living Men—Politicians, Generals, Poets, Artists, &c.—each being accompanied by a Lifelike Portrait.

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## WORK OF REFERENCE—A ROLL OF CONTEMPORARY GREATNESS.

**T. S.,** a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-six, dark eyes, tall, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady.

**F. F. T. T.,** twenty, fair, medium height, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young lady about twenty with a view to matrimony.

**AMY and MAUD,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Amy is tall, fair, auburn hair, blue eyes. Maud is seventeen, medium height, dark hair and eyes.

**ALPHA,** forty-three, dark, good-looking, would like to correspond with a widow about thirty.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

**W. J. S.** is responded to by—**S. S.,** twenty, dark hair and eyes.

**M. G. by—A. H.,** twenty, dark hair and eyes, fair complexion.

**T. C. by—M. A. C.,** seventeen, tall, auburn hair, blue eyes, fond of home, children, and music.

**J. M. by—C. W.,** nineteen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, loving.

**T. F. by—C. L.,** nineteen, tall, good-looking, brown eyes.

**MERCURY by—Alice,** nineteen, tall, of a loving disposition.

**HECTOR by—Nellie,** twenty, dark, blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

**SNYLOCK by—Jenny B.,** twenty-three, medium height, fair.

**ROMEO by—Isabel M.,** twenty-one, medium height, dark.

**MARY by—Ralph C.,** twenty-two, dark, fond of home and music.

**ALICE W. by—D. T.**

**PATTY by—James,** medium height, dark curly hair, black eyes.

**PERRY by—Charles,** twenty-four, dark, medium height.

**DAMBY by—William,** twenty, tall, dark hair.

**WILLIAM by—Sophie,** thirty-eight, a widow.

**ETHEL R. by—C. H. W.,** twenty-one, fond of music, fair, considered good-looking.

**HECTOR by—Annie,** nineteen, tall, dark, considered good-looking.

**M. G. by—Daisy E.,** eighteen, fair, medium height, dark blue eyes, good-tempered, and of a loving disposition.

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